

WAR CRY



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VICTORIA'S HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Between \$400 and \$500 so far, with More to Come in Still.

During the last fortnight, our officers and soldiers have been busy canvassing for cash and kind of all sorts and sizes towards our Festival.

On Friday, some of the soldiers fixed up the back of the platform to receive the many gifts that fish, pigs and begging should bring

dian comrades from Fort Simpson took part, we marched back to the barracks and had a lively time. The people strobed their necks and stared when our Indian comrades spoke and sang of God's power to save and keep the Indian as well as the white man. They sing our songs, words and tunes with as much Army go and spirit as if they had been Salvationists for years. They will be a great help to the officer appointed for the Indian work when he goes north. I believe there are a lot of blood-washed Indians anxiously awaiting his

On Monday gifts still came pouring in, even up to the time of meeting, so that we had to have a large table in front of the platform to hold them.

To describe the contents of the platform and table would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. All classes of the community gave of their wares and cash to help us. One gentleman gave a gold-headed cane, another a fine Irish setter; our Japanese friends, fancy goods; John Chinaman, tea, etc. Some of the farmers promised a calf and pig, but they did not arrive in time, still they will come later on. Chickens were also among the stock.

As we met for our march, faith and expectation ran high as to the final result. But the march—oh, my!—it must be seen to be realized. There were the gleaners in their white straw hats with their sheaves, the hand lads with the Adjutant (who is also a hand-lead), with working clothes, straw hats trimmed with corn, just as they come from the harvest field. As we paraded the streets, the people ran to see what was coming next. The Salvation

for the opening song. After a few earnest prayers for souls, and God's blessing on the meeting, the gleaners sang out of the WAR CRY,

"Bringing in the sheaves,"

led by Captain Green, who has come to assist the Ensign in the Rescue Home. After a few testimonies and another earnest appeal, the Adjutant closed about nine p.m. The excitement rose to fever pitch as Band-Sergeant Keefe, the corps auctioneer took his stand and commenced to dispose of the gifts of fruit and vegetables. Ireland was well represented by about a dozen bags of potatoes; most of them went to the Rescue Home store, with fruit and vegetables, and other unnumbered blessings, which will rejoice the inmates of Rescue Home, both small and great. God bless the lads who come to our meetings, who not only gave well, but bought well and gave again. We are still praying that they will give themselves to help on God's work. While the sale of goods was going on, the coffee and cake stalls, provided



You must know that our dear Adjutant is a great believer in that promise of Holy Writ, "Ask and ye shall receive," also in that song we used years ago, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again."

The people of Victoria can bear testimony that the Salvation Army soldiers here are not backward in following the example of their leader. Be-

lieve me, right the platform was covered with a substantial amount of goods, and a substantial amount of cash.

After the parade, which was in

arrival. After Adjutant had explained the object of the meeting, and urged everyone to help all they could, we had a lively time. God was in our midst, but no one would yield to Him.

On Sunday, God was with us all day, and abundantly blessed us in our own souls.

In the afternoon the Adjutant enrolled six comrades, three being the Indians from Fort Simpson.

At night we had a good crowd, who gave liberally to the collection inside, notwithstanding the collection at the door. They knew this was a special effort.

Army is gone mad "sure enough," as the Cornishman says. As we marched up Yates Street towards our usual open air stand, the people literally blocked the street, thinking we were going to stop there, but we were in for something unusual that night and marched on, and they followed with open mouths. It was a kind of go-as-you-please march; of course, farmers could not be expected to march straight—the hand lads were like stragglers all over the shop.

The crowd followed us into the barracks, which was crammed. The band played, "Fall down the devil's kingdom."

over by Sisters Mortimer and Coffey, did a thriving trade.

Now, dear War Cry, I dare say you are anxious to hear whether Victoria, B.C., has lost her usual position in the annual race. "Keep believing." We have so far between \$400 and \$500, with more to come in. The Adjutant will send the final result.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Notwithstanding hard times, little or no work, Victoria means to go ahead, and never say die.

SERGEANT MAJOR, 101 R.C.

HO, HO, BOYS!

Volunteers for the Lifeboat.



O. HO, BOYS! See, the wreck is sinking fast, soon she will be no more. Your chance of rescuing the already half-drowned souls of men will soon be past! See them on every hand sinking lower and lower into the sea of degradation. Hear them now crying for "HELP" as they almost disappear beneath the surface of time! See, the life-line's hanging on the beach idle, for the want of a hand and strong arm to throw it out to these shipwrecked souls!

"To the front the cry is ringing." Will you still sit down and see these souls going Right Down to Hell?

Will you not arouse from your idle dreaming and rush to the beach and throw out the life-line to these lost souls? Remember you are one of God's watchmen or lifeboat men, and if you fail to sound the trumpet or throw out the life-line and try to rescue them, God will require their blood at their hand. The harvest truly is ripe, but the laborers few.

Come with me into one of our Shelters. See that poor soul lying helpless on the stone floor; see what sin has done for him; once he was his mother's joy. How he used to pray at his mother's knee, but he launched out alone in this world of sin and drifted away from all that was good, from worse to worse, and the devil has

Wound the Chain Closer

and closer, until he almost gives up in despair of thinking to become a better man again.

See that other man sitting there. Once he was able to testify to the power of God to save and to keep, but through some act of disobedience he has fallen away from all that is good, and now the devil has him bound down by sin. Beware, I say. If God is calling you to do a certain work, arise, be up and at it. Do not question the voice of God; do not begin to make excuses on the

Great Judgment Morning.

You say, "But I can't do this, or that. I have no education; I can't sing or pray very much, or speak."

Remember, I repeat, if God has called you to do a certain work, He is also able to supply you with the means to do it, and He will not have excuses.

Give right in to God, and let Him have His way with you, and your power will be as a river, continually flowing, as a well of water bubbling up into life everlasting.

Soon the opportunity of doing good will be forever past.

You will stand before the Great White Throne and have to face those souls who are eternally lost, but who might have been saved had you but yielded your all to God and launched out on the promises of Him Who is mighty to save.

CADDY LEYTON, Lifeboat.

JUST ONE HEART.—A scene that attracted a crowd occurred in the Bowery very early the other morning, says the New York Sun. A girl not over twenty years old, many of whose natural beauties of face could be distinguished through her tears, sat on a doorstep of a saloon. She was well dressed.

A group stood watching her, and while some of them inquired sympathetically why she seemed so distressed, a young man wearing the customary poke bonnet of the Salvation Army edged her way through the crowd, and catching sight of the wayward girl went up to her.

The Salvationist, resting upon one knee on the stone step, threw her right arm over the shoulder of the weeping girl, and taking her by the hand drew her close to her and talked to her in a tone too low to be heard by the bystanders.

The almost quiet prevailed, although the crowd soon numbered several hundred.

After a little while the girl was noticed to have ceased crying. She brightened up, and the blinding moisture disappeared from her eyes. A smile took the place of the frown on her face, and she clung closely to her comforter. She finally arose, embraced the Salvationist warmly, and they both started up toward Third Avenue, the arm of the Salvation Army has entwined around the weeping girl's hand.

The crowd silently dispersed.

THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER.

BY THE GENERAL.

At this season everything around us in Nature reminds us that the pleasant days and long nights of the summer of 1894 are fast drawing to a close. Winter brings to the Salvationist opportunities for carrying out the darling purposes of his soul in certain directions, which make it superior to every other season, but the summer has, of necessity, certainly the advantage of every other period for open-air operations.

My recent field work on the continent has powerfully stirred my heart and revived within me the convictions of a life-time as to the wonderful and undeveloped possibilities of usefulness connected with

Out-Door Fighting.

There was, first, that remarkable Sunday on the water and in the forest in Sweden. Then came the wonderful day in Holland, when these thousands of Dutch soldiers, friends and strangers crowded into the beautiful grounds of Amsterdam, and sat or stood for five hours, closely packed together, in spite of wind and rain, listening to the most potent appeals that we could possibly make in favor of their individual surrender to God.

Then came the Copenhagen Day. I don't dwell upon the Riding School, with its one hundred souls at the merry-seat, but refer to the work done in

The Great Temple of Nature.

under the canopy of heaven itself. It was that in which my soul delighted, and which constituted it a red-letter day in the history of the Salvation Army in Denmark. The three meetings held during the previous week in the spacious yards of the city, by permission of the landlords, were a splendid preparation for what followed.

To march a band into an open space, on which abutted a square or triangle of lofty piles of what we in England call workmen's dwellings, and then, with music and singing and addresses, bring together an audience of at least a thousand people—crusting the eager faces at the doors and windows—was a matter of no trifling nature in a city where we had only been allowed to hold meetings indoors as it were, on Sundays. There came another new thing, the meetings held by consent of the authorities in the military fields; and last came

The Coronation Meeting.

in the King's Garden, by permission also; and for which this splendid public promenade was closed to the public from two to half-past five on the Sunday afternoon, giving us permission to make a charge for admission into the burgles.

I assure you, my British brethren, that your Danish comrades, with the General at their head, hardly knew when they were on that Sunday. It was all so new, so grand, and better still, so freighted with promised blessings for the future that we could hardly believe that things were as they were.

But it was all real matter-of-fact, and when I rose to speak to that crowd of six thousand people in the very centre of that proud, gay, worldly, unbelieving city, and felt that I had as thoughtful and attentive an audience as I ever had anywhere in my life, I took fresh heart, and was inspired with a new courage, and had courage within me a stronger faith than ever in my life, not only for Denmark, but for all Europe—nay, for all the world.

The Salvation Army was commenced in the open-air. Some of her greatest triumphs have been won in the open-air in the past, and, hallelujah, she is going to do wonders before all the world in the open-air in the future.

All through the year, and all over Great Britain, we have been marching about and singing our glorious songs and playing our music and beating our drums and appealing to the people—yes, and all over the world we have fought as no other Christian people have ever fought under the sun—we have reduced the open-air work to

A Salvation Science.

All hell be the warriors who, at so great a

price of self-denial and toil and suffering, yes, even of health and life, have done this. And yet, my comrades, I feel constrained to ask the question, Have we made the most of the summer that is just closing? Have we, in the countries where we have perfect liberty, done what we might with the camp meeting—the forest gatherings, the meetings in the market places, at the street corners, in the yards, in the slums, on the village greens, and at the all but numberless places to which we can march and take our stand, and lift up the Cross and proclaim Christ as

The Only All-Sufficient Saviour of the World?

Now my comrades, if we have not done what we might—that we ought to have done—in this open-air war, let me remind you that

"The harvest is past, the summer will end."

We often feel that this is a melancholy reflection for the poor sinner, whose day of grace is drawing to a close. But it is not also a reflection for us, if we are allowing the summer to pass, and the harvest to end without straining every nerve to save these same poor sinners from damnation.

In these, the last days of summer, crowds are flocking to fields and moors and mill-sides to kill and slay the innocent creatures that abound there, and that in many instances for the alone pleasure of killing and slaying them.

Thousands and thousands more are filling up our holiday resorts in order to amuse themselves with the fashions, frivolities, and gaieties for which they are noted. Others are rushing away to distant lands to find pleasure in beholding strange scenery, fresh people, climbing mountains, or something else that is new.

Other purposes and ambitions occupy our minds, and my leading idea to-night is to urge you to fill up the few remaining days of the autumn with extra labors for the publishing of the message of mercy to the perishing multitudes around us.

Let us value these last days of summer. To him who writes or to some who read these lines they may be

The Last Days of Earth.

Anyway, let us utilize them to the utmost. Will you do so, my comrades? If so—

1. Put on extra open-air work. Do something that has never been done before. Something that has never been done in that place—in that manner—at that time. Something that will reach some fresh people, or strike the old people in some new way. Don't say anything new cannot be done, but go and do it.

2. Do the open-air work with more directness. Let there be more definiteness in what is said, and sung, and prayed. Go with more straightforwardness to the point you have in view. Be determined to be heard by the people and to be understood, and to secure a response. Load your soul and then take your aim, and sharpen your sword, and then strike for the hearts of those before you.

3. Let there be more earnestness in the open-air. Move fire—more real—more burning love. Make the people feel that you mean what you say, and then they will be bound to think and feel, too, and come over to your side. Be as earnest outdoors as you are indoors, and more so.

4. Give yourselves to fishing at every open-air meeting. Officers should tell of certain soldiers for this duty, and see that they discharge it faithfully, affectionately, and skillfully. Fishing will not do everything, nor succeed in every instance with every individual; but I am sure if the duty be honestly and faithfully carried out, it will accomplish wonders.

Now, my comrades, let us look at these few coming harvest days with hungry hearts and longing eyes. They are

All That is Left of the Summer of 1894.

They are not gone yet. We will count them and use them for the glory of our Lord and the salvation of the people, and we shall be able to give a good account of them. I rely upon you. Whether the opportunity afforded us be a large or a small one is God's business; that we make the very most of it is ours. Let us see that we discharge it as those who will have to

Give Account of Their Stewardship.

TO AND FRO.

I proceeded on my journey as far as Maudslayi, where I stopped one night with Brother and Sister Evelyn. Some years ago both had called and applied for the work, but did not fill up their forms. Oh, my comrades, through-out our Dominion, you whom God is calling, yield yourselves to Him or He may strip you of all. Had a good talk with Sister Evelyn, who is very sick. She felt even now if she would obey God she would be better, but the entanglements now—read Galatians 5th chapter, 1st verse. I went on my way rejoicing that I ever left my all to follow Him.

I arrived at GREEN HAVEN ten minutes ahead of the time. We returned our war horses, and Ensign Myles and I had a little chat. We proceeded on our journey home. We arrived back at Brother and Sister Evelyn's and stopped for dinner, mine of us. Had a nice little prayer meeting with our comrades, and started again.

We called again at Mrs. Finney's and all partook of a nice drink of milk to refresh us travelling on the hot, dusty roads. We also called on a dear man who was sewing the end. We prayed and commended him to God.

We stopped at OAKWOOD, all remaining in our rags. I gave out a song. We sang and invited them to come to LITTLE BRITAIN on Sunday afternoon and Monday night, where the troops would be.

We started for LINDSEY. We arrived in good time. Then the business meeting on Saturday. We had three good, rousing open-air. People responded with liberal offerings. Sunday, good times; nine forward at night. Monday night, at Little Britain, a good crowd.

Tuesday we proceeded to OUSEMERE, one of Mrs. Ensign Turner's old stations. Being busy times our crowd was small, but still a good meeting. After meeting I drove home with my load.

On Wednesday we went out to FENLON FALDS, where the camp meetings were. We had good crowds.

On Thursday we proceeded to KIMMURD. As soon as we entered the village what should present itself before our eyes was the tent of the Kickapoo Indians. We had a rousing open-air right between the hotel and the tent. Eight at the Cross inside. New for some considerable time.

On Friday we started for NORLAND, a small place, but where the people come in crowds. We had a large open-air, but the people were made a rush for the barracks as they thought they would not be able to get in. They were right. You have heard of tents being packed like sardines in a box, well that was about it. Four knelt at the morning.

On Saturday morning on to CONCOCK. We arrived about 8:45, put our horses in the hotel sheds, and took our stand on the street for an open-air meeting. It was rather hard to the crowd, but at a distance. Three or four of the comrades joined in with us. They wish for officers again. (Disobedient, hanging on soldiers, hurry up. God wants you, the Army wants you, the dying masses wait you to help.) It was a touching sight to see my brethren here who have to creep on their hands and knees to get in. He gladly gave his testimony. We collected \$12.75 towards clearing off an old balance of \$2500 back rent on the hall. Wished them good bye, and made another start for Romsey, the home of Captain Brokenshire. Dinner awaited us. We had a nice time here for us before we started, and starting, and praying.

We made another start for FENLON FALDS again, where we met our Provincial leader, Brigadier de Barritt. Then away for a couple of open-air, led in such a happy, free, and go-ahead way as only our leader can do. We went off to the tent, where we had a rousing time. A prodigious and two other sisters came to the Cross and set a distance.

Sunday morning, 6:30, we were on the move. Your humble servant, with six or seven others, went for a march to reconnoitre up. At 10:30 we met outside the post office. A good stirring time, as the Brigadier got our heavenly mail, as the Comrades from Maudslayi, Concock, and Kimmurds, joined in with us for a rich time. Recall, several forward. Afternoon and night, great rousing times. Large crowds listened attentively around the tent at night; two or three came forward. One knelt where she had been sitting, but not willing to do what God would have, went away like the young man we read about in the Gospel.

5 a.m. we were on the move for LANSLEY. Part of the troops stopped at the camp meeting, whilst the others went to Lindsey after the Saturday night meeting at the camp, and were at Lindsey and Little Britain for Sunday, led on by Ensign Turner and Captain Woodrich.

On Monday morning we, that is, Ensign, Mrs. Ensign Phillips, Candidate Phillips and your humble servant left Fenlon Falds at 8 a.m. to catch the train at Lindsey, as it commenced to gather every way. I A

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BLUE.—The Army's emblem of purity.

BLUES.—Very significant of impurity—melancholy, low spirits.

BOLDNESS.—Like anger, there is a good and bad boldness. Paul says, "Great is my boldness of speech toward you" (II Cor. vii). Freedom from timidity, liberty.—WESTER.

BONDAGE.—Slavery. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (St. John viii, 36). I doubt the Christianity of a man who is a slave to a natural appetite, much more an unnatural.

BORN.—Again, regenerated; received spiritual life, adopted into the family, Divine.

BOTTOMLESS.—The foundation of sinners' hopes, the dimension downward of their future abode.

BREASTPLATE.—Armor for the protection of the breast. Righteousness is the Christian's breastplate; neglect it, and you will not live long.

BROTHERN.—All the rest of the world. It is true there are two tribes mentioned in the Bible, and one would have it that only the converted are their brethren; but Peter once asked the Saviour, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?"

A brother and yet a sinner. The prodigal son after all was still a son and brother, but alienated and without right of inheritance. If you hunt up these passages you will find your duty to brethren: Psalm cxxxiii, Matthew v, 23, I, Corinthians vi, 8, Galatians vi, 1, I John ii, 9; iii, 17.

BRIDE.—Of Christ, the church, or Salvation Army (for church is only another name), Revelations xxi, 2. Are we fit to receive him as a coming bridegroom. How is our love? Is it pure? How are our garments? Are they unspeckled from sin, washed in the blood He gave so

freely for our cleansing? What would He find if He came just now?

CALLED.—Invited, summoned, addressed, appointed.—WESTER.

Pure love to Christ calls us to do all we can for His Kingdom. Love for our fellow-men calls us to labor and seek for the position that will make us the greatest blessing. The Word of God calls out, "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Common sense must be listened to, also the opinion of those fit to give one as to position. Are you called to be an officer? What constitutes your call? What motive? All things being well, step out, leave all, take hold of the salvation plow, never look back. Burn the bridges behind you.

CANTANKEROUS.—Rusty. Like a bear with a sore paw, or a spoiled child. Awful in a forty-year-old, worse in a fifty. Salvation a cure-all.

CARNAL.—Opposed to spiritual, fleshly, being in the natural state, unregenerate.—WESTER.

CHARITY.—Love, the greatest thing in the world. Knowledge is power, but without love it is a dead letter. Talents gain applause, but without charity they lose their charm. You cannot be great, you say? Yes, you can, for you can love, cultivate it. But first, you must get it from God by just asking. He gives freely of His Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is love (Gal. v, 22).

CHILDREN.—The gift of God. Like many other gifts, though, perverted. Parents! Oh, that I had a voice like thunder to cry out, parents! ARE YOUR CHILDREN GOING TO HELL, and you not putting forth any effort to save them, either by example or precept? Surely judgment.

CHILDREN.—Obey your parents in the Lord (Col. iii, 20).

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Turn—Our Jack's Come Home To-day.

I gazed upon the picture as it hung upon the wall, and as I looked I thought I loved my loving Bar-lew-out call: "Go forth," He said, "there's work to do, no time to tarry here." And I replied, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

O Lord, I'll follow Thee, Where'er the path may be; Although the fight be hard and long, Yet, Lord, I'll follow Thee.

I saw within the vision, in the picture hung, The life of a man who for the dying world had died: I saw—to be a soldier—that my life like His must be, And then I cried, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

The next day came before him, and he gave him joy and cheer: And he that had been a warrior in the fight, He said to me, "My son, like him to view when I died."

I heard my father's voice, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

He seemed to smile and say, "The angel with the sword, standing near to God was now the soldier's guide."

CEYLON.

Written for the Canadian Cry by Deva Singha.

(Continued.)

Like the Chinese, Hindoos are born Conservatives. Age after age, generation after generation have come and gone, "but they go on forever," with the same customs and habits. Change or reformation are unknown words to them. Oh, if a ray of Gospel light could only penetrate the darkness and heart of that scowling old woman, how her hardened face would shine, the snow would vanish.

Would salvation not improve the appearance of that young mother, creating a new desire for those children of hers, to see them grow up in the knowledge of God and His ways. Would those little boys not look handsome if washed, dressed, saved, and filled with the joy of the Lord?

My Old Canadian Quernsey

would just sit that poor fellow with the heaving cough; how it would set him off. "Boy, bring the light here." Boy placed the light right in front of me, shutting out my view of the poor coolies, or they might have all been salvaged in faith, but I went indoors thanking God that thousands of those same people—Pariahs—are in reality saved, clothed, and in their right minds.

Had in a little valley bordering on the jungle are the "coolie lines," or houses. I asked somebody why they were called lines, and was told, "because they are built in lines."

In vain I have looked for two "lines" running parallel, but I have comforted myself with the thought that they started out with the intention of building them at equal distances from each other, but

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley,"

and the "lines" on this estate have got very much "agley," like the houses in a certain

Town in Scotland,

where the gable-ends face the streets, each house forming a little side street for itself. So the "line" houses have a decided inclination to show their gables. Alas, that is the only way in which they resemble the Scotch houses, being more of a cross between an Irish turf hut and an out-west "shack," about two parts turf hut and one part "shack."

Running through the "line" is what, for want of a better name, I call the sewer, nine by eighteen inches, with six inches of muddy water at the bottom. All the filth, slops, mugs of food, etc., are thrown into it; the dogs have an occasional bath in it; now and then the babies roll in, but no

Dread of Maternal Anger

at their dirty dresses or pinafores ever crosses their placid little minds. Their dresses are very simple and easily cleaned—brocade and neckties, and, if a swell baby, anklets and rings on its toes.

While the parents are at work in the fields they all play between the "lines" in their own coarse fashion, and at the approach of a stranger, which is generally heralded by the dogs barking, they all fly like city Arabs before a school board officer. The older children generally halt at

the doorway, where they survey the intruder, and if he is known they place their hands together, make a half outcry, and say in a shy, soft way, "Salaam Sahib." Between the coolie baby and his white relative in the slums of London or Glasgow there is a long distance geographically, but they have very much in common. In their own little hearts they feel

The Burden of Life

long, long before it has touched their more favored brethren, and little wonder if they take their revenge in after life by turning Parasites as well as Pariahs.

Indoors, the parents, children, dogs, hens, and other creeping things (for in the east life abounds, but amongst the coolies it doth very much more abound) have a happy way of hob-nobbing together. No window lets in its friendly light to dispel the gloom, but after one's eyes have become accustomed to the gloom it is seen that the mud walls are neither painted nor whitewashed. In one corner a few black, charred pieces of wood between two large stones show the fire-place. There is no chimney. The smoke, after filling the room, finds its way through the rafters, and finally

Filters Through the Ventilator

and other holes in the room till it escapes, to hang like a cloud over the "lines." In another corner the "chaffies" (cooking vessels) are kept. Across the room is stretched the ubiquitous clothes line, on which are hung their few odd rags, while the floor is kept clean by the cow-dung process. How it is done I can't tell, but across the room is a Cockney-Singalese adjutant, who has been seven years here, perhaps he'll know. "Adjutant, did you ever see the coolies carrying their floors?" Did I ever see them? Why, man, I have done it myself scores of times. Just last Saturday I did this floor; next Saturday, if you're here you'll help me; you can do the one half while I do the other; it's the healthiest and—"Thanks, that will do, but it's a long time to next Saturday."

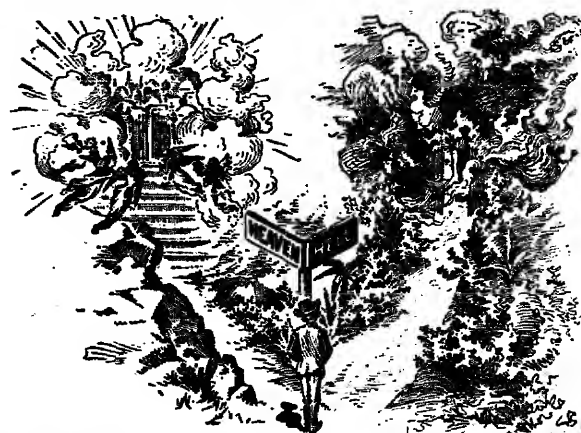
Behind the houses a little piece of ground is fenced off, where a few scabby-looking plantain trees are grown, and judging by them and their appearances, gardening is not one of their strong points.

(To be continued.)

Galt.—At the request of an old comrade, Captain Brommigan, I went to Galt for the Harvest Festival Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday night's open-air was "a corker" for good crowd and attention.

The meetings on Sunday were well attended considering the heat, and this was the first Sunday afternoon meeting held in the barns this season till now, as they have been held in the park. The hall was nicely decorated, and gifts were plentiful. The band plays well, and a more godly, willing lot of lads I never met. One of the number was about to build, and wishing to economize, his head comrades met and had a digging bee, and dug the cellar in two or three evenings. Sergeant-Major Bandman Benoit turning the first sod. This is bearing one another's burdens. Saw some old faces—ex-Captain Peard, ex-Lieutenant Johnnie McMillan, Bandman Aleck McQueen, of Montreal fame, and Joe Mitten. Special Correspondent Red from Brantford, came over on his wheel. Otis Shanacker, was down from Chatham, and did good service with his slide.—PICKER.



CHOOSE YE!

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

— PRESIDE AT —

THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN

(Editor of the "War Cry")

— AND —

CAPTAIN TYAS

(Late of Australia).

"ME JOIN 'EM!"

"FRIENDS," said the Brigadier, "it seems to me we are making a great mistake!" Curiosity caused a sudden cessation in the midst of the merry clatter and babel of tongues. "I see everybody is sitting on one chair. To-night two people must sit on each chair, so please close in."

This announcement, delivered with solemn emphasis, before the commencement of the ceremony, upset all semblance of gravity, and the hilarious crowd showed in as close and square as it was possible for them to pack. Nevertheless, a throng of newcomers came still streaming in at the open doors, and edging up the narrow aisle.

"Kindly hand in some more chairs." Those who were privileged to take a seat on the floor or the edge of the platform were very thankful they had not to turn away and go home again. All the S. A. world and his wife were present—from the Great Panjandrum to the little Button-on-top.

After the Jubilee Hall was as full as it would hold a number more crowded in.

It was

An Irresistible Merry Meeting.

Everybody wore radiant smiles, except the two little Streestons, who were lost in admiration over the white-blossomed boys of the Naval Brigade.

Then the musical instruments began to tune up, at least they appeared to be making ineffectual attempts to strike a keynote somewhere between a loud shriek and a low groan.

A sudden pause, sensation, excitement.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the bride and bridegroom.

When the audience had quite wildly waving their handkerchiefs everybody turned and whispered some personal remark at the top of his voice above the din to his next door neighbor about the bride or the bridegroom, the former appearing much the most self-possessed, as she stood fair and quiet.

Then the music continued. The piano and the cornet appeared to be let loose in a frantic frolic, defying one another in mad little runs and twills, or twists and turns, whilst the big drum went rolling and rollicking over and over till one would almost think our sober old stand-by had also taken leave of his seventy-seven senses, like the rest of the mad world.

The Commandant assayed to give out a hymn, then hesitated, thought better of it, and suggested that everybody should first take a good, square look at the Major and be done with it, himself setting the example, and making

A Pointed, Personal Remark

or two about the bridegroom, who certainly looked a trifle nervous and excited.

After this the meeting covered up a bit and took a quiet turn, whilst we sang with hearty thankfulness and confidence the chorus,

"I have an interest in the bleeding Lamb."

Then the Commandant reminded the audience that although sins of years might have fixed a great gulf, nevertheless across that gulf Divine grace had built a bridge of love by which the vast may enter heaven.

Brigadier Holland prayed that not only the marriage ceremony might be blessed by God, but that now this night some sinners might be united in bonds of eternal oneness with Christ.

After Mrs. Jewer had also prayed, we sang again,

"I know there is cleansing in the blood,"

and everybody shook hands with his neighbor.

The meeting took on a sentimental mood, and grew more plaintive and tender whilst singing the over-romantic favorite,

"He's the Lory of the Valley to my soul."

"MY DEAR FRIENDS." The Commandant cleared his throat and arose, until his head was within a few feet of the

ceiling. The audience within settled down to listen, tried to tilt back their chairs, but found they couldn't for want of room. The congregation without

Pressed Their Noses

a little closer to the wire grating of the windows, and remained stationary for about an hour.

The Commandant proceeded to read, after a most and concise little speech to effect that he esteemed it an honor to be present to perform this happy ceremony between two such faithful, devoted officers as Major Complin and Captain Tyas. The Commandant continued to explain how he had expected by that time to have been somewhere between the heavens and the fishes on the way to meet our revered, respected, and beloved General (volleys), but for the lamentable alteration in the sailing of the boats, by which he missed connection. However, it was best to look at the bright side of a bad job, for this unfortunate had been over-ruled for our advantage. The Commandant mentioned the welcome fact that a cable had been received that very day announcing the departure of the General and party for Canada. (Renewed and prolonged volleys.)

Returning to the business of the evening, he commented once more upon the expression of the Major, who still looked a little pale and agitated. The speaker did not see what the Major had to look nervous about. He recalled the day when, under similar circumstances, he (the Commandant) walked on to the platform feeling it to be the very last day's

work he had ever accomplished, and strode away from the Congress Hall as large as life and twice as natural.

The Commandant remembered the early days when he first was acquainted with John Complin. In those times he was a nice, ruddy, fine-looking young man, and to-day he remains

As Devoted to the Cause,

and as enthusiastic as when he started.

A droll allusion to Major Complin's especial song, "Me join 'em," seemed to fit in with such apt appropriateness, that the service, which the leader had succeeded in smoothing down into order, was again in danger of getting all out of kilter, and becoming a runaway meeting.

Peace was restored, however, and the Commandant in an expressive, original, and forcible running commentary on the chapter, drifted into a brief philosophical investigation as to why the genus man should always appear to delight in landing it over the weaker sex. (Steady now, this is a serious matter.)

He enlarged on the power for good, and the influence that a wife holds over her husband—the force of a chaste example.

The Commandant commended the bride to the love and friendship of Canadians. Although she comes as a stranger amongst us, she brings with her from Australia a warm introduction from Commissioner Cooles, and the force of an earnest, godly character.

At last, to the unfeigned delight of everybody, Mrs. Booth arose to sing,



The Salvation Army anvil has proved itself able to break into pieces the many hammers that the devil uses upon it. Pride, envy, slander, hate, spite, disloyalty, misrepresentation, so often cast upon our dear General, have worn themselves out in their endeavor to smash the Army. As the devil keeps a good supply of hammers we do not know which one he will strike with next, but our God is sure to conquer.

We are looking forward to the advent of our General in British Columbia.

reception.—ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

We will give our made a reception

praising the music with a
gent and practical remarks

Responsibility of Marriage

and the duty of a husband
one another, and towards the
general.

It was very touching and
ridic. Surely nobody present
feel the beauty and necessity
spirit of wisdom that "S
THE KINGDOM."

The last plaintive notes
died away, and Major Com
Captain Tyas stood forward
every ear was strained to
stern word of the articles

Quicker still grew the asse
"Will you—?" quest
Commandant.

"I will," faltered the bride
"I will," affirmed the bride
dead was done.

How the Major was called
solo, and how everybody la
shouted, cheered and smiled
and shook hands with Mrs
there is not space to tell.

(From The Tanager, 14-)

The Truth About L

This week's War Cry public
concerned and effective rail-pa
illustrating the hellish work of
 liquor seller and the difficulties he
meeting the drunkard. "The su
tements" is astounding; and o
light is to be seen the Old
Midway the Army is letting
down to the poor drunks who are
falling, any moment, into hell.
swindlers are to be seen a gentlemen
commander, holding in his arms
filled with arrows; a well-known
seller in the act of shooting a "Ho
the poor inebriate whom the
"dread sword;" and, directing
business, his Salvo man
"Homes" arrows are doing the
effectively as to make uncommer
traffic. The devil is evidently w
while every Christian must
the awful work being done
Lions. Accompanying the
salvoes, indeed, written by
Rox, a Salvation soldier.
(Our contemporary, present
whole story accompanying the

accomplished, and Congress Hall as a natural. remembered the rat was acquainted. In those times he fine-looking young remains

the Cause,

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unfeigned delight of both arose to sing,



OPENING OF THE NEW ORILLIA BARRACKS.

praising the music with a few pungent and practical remarks on the

Responsibility of Married Life.

and the duty of a husband and wife to each other, and towards the world in general.

It was very touching and heart-stirring. Surely nobody present could but feel the beauty and necessity for the spirit of wisdom that "SINGS FIRST THE KINGDOM."

The last plaintive notes of the song died away, and Major Complin with Captain Tyne stood forward, whilst every ear was strained to catch each solemn word of the articles of War. Quicker still grew the assembly.

"Will you—?" questioned the Commandant.

"I will," faltered the bridegroom.

"I will," affirmed the bride, and the deed was done.

How the Major was calied on for a solo, and how everybody laughed and shouted, cheered and smiled at them, and shook hands with Mrs. Complin, there is not space to tell.

(From The Temperer, 14-5-94.)

The Truth About License.

This week's War Cry publishes a well-considered and effective full-page cartoon, illustrating the hellish work of the licensed liquor seller and the difficulties in the way of rescuing the drunkard. "The smoke of their torment" is ascending; and covering the heights is to be seen the Colonial City. Midway the Army is letting down life lines to the poor drunkards who are in danger of falling any moment into hell. In the foreground are to be seen a gentlemanly licensee, a constable, holding in his arms two quivering soldiers; a well-nourished liquor seller in the act of shooting a "license" arrow at the poor inmates when the Army has "been saved;" and, directing the whole devilish business, his Scimitar majesty. The "license" arrows are doing their work so effectively as to make unnecessary any illimitable. The devil is evidently well pleased, while every Christian heart is aching at the awful work being done. Accompanying the following incident, written by a Salvation soldier: (Our contemporary press has just published the following story accompanying the cartoon.)

Orillia Barracks Erected Upon Plans of a Unique Order.

NEAT, CONCISE, AND CHEAP. A DISTINCT HIT.

Re-Opened by Brigadier de Barritt.

JURILEE SCHEME No. 17.

The handsome building recently erected on Coldwater Street by the Salvation Army, was formally opened to the public. On Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, the colors were hoisted on the flag pole which surmounts the structure, and a few minutes later a special service was being conducted inside by Brigadier de Barritt. There was a good attendance at this meeting, and at the Sunday service, which were conducted by the Brigadier, assisted by Mrs. Ensign Phillips, Ensign Morris and the singing troupe, with astute accompaniment.

The building is on the site of the barracks recently destroyed by fire, and is a pretty red brick structure, forty by sixty feet. The front elevation is about forty feet, and is veneered with colored red brick, surmounted by a battlement, which gives it a picturesque appearance. The entrance is at either corner, and are through wide, recessed doorways, with lobes inside, steps leading up to the doors from the street. The auditorium is the full size of the building, but is not square, the corners being taken off the building, giving it a compact appearance. It is seated after the fashion of an amphitheatre, the seats rising in tiers from the platform to the front of the building. A gallery for the soldiers is behind the speakers, their entrance being through the basement. The seating capacity is 400, but on Sunday 480 were present at the evening service, and many more were turned away. Fourteen windows give the hall a very cheerful appearance, the front transoms being of colored leaded glass. The front portion of the basement will be fitted up for a junior's room, and in the centre will be a furnace to heat the entire building. In the rear, under the platform, will be a cloak room for the soldiers. The upper story is designed for the officers' quarters, and consists of five large rooms, with pantry, clothes closets, etc. A town water service and large sink will also be put up so that the basement will have every convenience. The building is covered with a naval roof,

and the outside, therefore, is practically fireproof. It is proposed to light the building with the incandescent system as soon as the plant is installed in town. The whole building is a credit to the contractor, Mr. T. W. Oliver, who has completed the job in a substantial manner to the satisfaction of all parties, the entire edifice costing only about \$2,000.

The Monday evening meeting was the dedicatory service proper, and at eight o'clock the spacious auditorium was very well filled. About forty soldiers in their bright uniforms presented a good front, and on the platform were Brigadier de Barritt, Ensign Morris, Mrs. Ensign Phillips, the sate sharp band, six in number, Rev. W. R. Barker, pastor of the Methodist church, and Captain and Mrs. Heft.

After a song service, conducted by the Brigadier, Rev. Mr. Barker offered the dedicatory prayer, and Captain Heft read a list of the names of those who had contributed towards the building fund. The following figures are gleaned from the financial statement:—

Special contributions received from friends in town, \$433.67. Of this amount \$196 was expended in stonework for foundation, and the balance, except \$27, which remains on hand, for architect's fees, travelling and other expenses. The contract price for the building was \$1,745, and a contribution of \$75 from the contractor, Mr. Oliver. The old building was insured for \$1,400, and thus a balance remains yet to be raised of about \$300.

The Brigadier made an earnest and somewhat humorous appeal for funds, and as a result an additional \$34 was netted.

Rev. W. B. Barker gave a very pleasing address in the few minutes allotted to him, and his earnest words were well received.

Capt. Heft thanked the donors for their generosity, and complimented the Times and Pocket for their good will toward the Army and kindness in inserting notices of meetings, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley, of Rama, took part in the program, the former singing a hymn in his native tongue.

One of the choicest things of the evening was a solo with banjo accompaniment, by Ensign Morris, that officer having a very sweet voice, and singing with a good deal of pathos.

The Orillia corps are to be congratulated on the erection of their new building, and great credit is due Capt. Heft for his energy and enterprise in the completion of such an undertaking. Capt. Heft is one of the most efficient officers the Orillia corps ever had, and a very large number of the townsmen will agree to know that his culture are to leave Orillia. —Times.

(From the Montreal Witness, 17-5-94.)

THE ASSAULT ON THE ARMY.

Women Worshippers Molested.

The disgraceful disturbance at the market in the morning was duplicated on Craig Street East in the evening. Services were being held in the hall there, used by the French division of the Salvation Army. The services were being conducted by the women-officers, Capt. Perremond and Bloux, and Adjutant Kerr. The front windows of the hall were smashed by large stones, which were thrown far into the room. Many of the worshippers narrowly escaped serious injury, perhaps death. A large stone flew past the head of Captain Perremond, almost striking her. Some one went to obtain police protection. A constable on St. Lawrence Main Street was appealed to, and he said Craig Street was not in his beat. Policeman No. 36 arrived after the outrage had been committed and the perpetrators had fled. If the accounts of all the assaults upon religious meetings in Montreal of late were collected together, they would fill a large volume.



"Our Open-Arms Are Good."

THURS.—Changes have taken place here in Truro. Captain Young and Lieut. Gibbons, who have had charge here since the first of May, have farewelled and gone for a rest. They have been succeeded by Captain Emma Allen and Lieut. Welch, who, by the help of God, are rushing things in the Salvation Army line. The meetings were good all week; lots of the spirit and power of the Word on Sunday night with those present. —Truro.



AND it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the jake of Gennesaret,

And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of these, and were washing their nets.

And He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.

Now, when He had left speaking, He said

unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.

And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.

And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the

ships, so that they began to sink.

When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken;

and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him.

"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

Candidates, Ahoy!

WHO WILL GO A-FISHING?

My soul was melted down by an incident which happened on a certain western train on which I travelled. The more I have thought on it the more have I missed, and knowing from practical experience the awful crying need of officers throughout the Dominion, the relation of this incident may prompt some strong, well-aved, young Salvationist to apply for a place in God's all-glorious ranks.

I had got comfortably settled in a seat and had removed my black coat, wear a red one on the cars. Stopping at a depot, the car door was flung open and in walked a poor drunk, though respectably clad.

Fixing his eyes on my red coat, and then looking into my face, he

Dropped Down on the Seat

and put his arms around my neck. Then he began and continued something after this strain: "Thought—there—was—a—mounted—police,—but—I—struck—a—Salvation—brother.—Seven—years—in—this—country,—nobody—ever—asked—me—about—my—soul." Tears flowed freely from his poor, bleared eyes, and the tony passengers wondered! Then he told of his poor mother in the Old Land, whom he left over seven years ago, and who thought he was dead. People had visited his little "shack," but had never spoken a word to him about spiritual matters. "These but the only man who ever drew tears to my eyes," he groaned out, and again leaned his head on my shoulder. "I left home two months ago to fish on the Fraser River, made a good bit of cash," (and drawing a few dollar bills out of his pockets) "this is all I got left." Again he cried. When I suggested the idea of

Writing to His Dear Old Mother

he brightened up and said,

"Tell her I'm alive, but a poor, mean, dirty shaner. Tell her what a wretch I am. I can't read or write, but you tell her now, sure." Then, with a fresh outburst of grief, he cried, "Well, why didn't somebody tell me about salvation before! Why didn't they tell me!" On promising that I would keep by his side and not leave him till he got off the train, he seemed contented, still keeping his arm on my shoulder.

That wretch moaned, "Why didn't somebody tell me!" will not soon be forgotten. He spoke out the feelings of that great, dreadful, awful, sin-stricken, fallen army of drunkards, harlots, thieves, robbers and vagabonds, the world over, who moan and cry in agony of soul, "Who will show us any good?"

SEE YON DRUNKARD! Drink has blasted his body. His soul is well-nigh lost. He staggers on to his doom. His wife has long ago been broken-hearted. His dear children are

dying through hunger. His home, once so cozy, has become worse than a pig-pen. Thus

The Devil Ruins and Damns.

The haughty Pharisee passes him by. Proud professors pull their garments tighter around them with a thank-God-I-am-not-as-that-man-spirit. Nobody seems to heed the drunkard's wail, and awful fact it is, very few care whether he gets to hell or not. Now, who is to "throw out the life line" to such an one. Methinks some healthy soldier, now hiding away in the ranks of the Salvation Army in some corps, will be responsible for this poor drunkard's soul if he gets to a drunkard's grave and **RECKS**!!!

SEE YON **SHY**! In the dim twilight, under the shadow of the low hanging clouds, he is seeking to ruin and entrap the unwary. The

to her abode is the she was as pure as your sister. The her pure lips met when the last go into what a vortex has she fallen a blanched cheeks as at the bluish of sh been included in which Jesus, the procure! But lo some loving, gent that poor harlot, to hope into the desper her. Who is to di the very female so to me in this one, a call to go and resou will be her doom.

SEE YON LADY carriage drawn by True, she lives numerous servants but she is on the w all thought of epis gaily and worldly

Literally Ban

She is a respectable eventually die of st if somebody fails to speed to perdition. poor. Flourish th tree, but death com and march for pi grave are they lai hundreds of such r ladies who die with is opened a vast ha our more refined education. What people to go for t Lissner, brother, think about this? SEE YON BUSINESS his soul-life has b things of the world will is that he shoul as well as acute in r goes down the rap day life. Bit by bl wall. The dear o Family prayer oas wonder what has o Fly little "tricky" into the sugar goes made white. Disab

Bankruptcy and

and often imprison his, a heart-broken family, the poor millions of a prison dition. Oh, for me in the breach and keep men good and business. Some of by hard experience, void and proclaim Then, to you who energy and push, ar tion where you can the greatest spiritual apply for Army w Army wants people heart.

In going from plac convinced every day best soldiers are among others, after call to the war and the main cause of soul-saving work is Not very clear and waters of a pond into stantly flowed, but o no outlet. With a the water keeps swar The land, leader is refreshed, either side of the ou

These Ought

mope about and acro and long the King The cry of the loo are ever ringing in their fingers in th head not the woeft as any good!" Ah of disobedience, i onward march of th re need, "his true Abound, which hamp abundance lies in the healthy, warm, yu suddenly return t absence, and return little wonder, the



"I want to read to you about the Christian's empire. In Colossians III, 15, we read in the ordinary version, 'Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.' The rendering of Rotherham's version is 'Let the peace of Christ'.

Act as Umpire

in your heart.

"You all know what an umpire is to a game. His duty is to settle all doubtful questions. When an umpire has spoken, people have to obey or get out of the game. In general, the people for whom he is to adjudicate choose their umpire. Ours is chosen for us. We have no option. Our umpire must be obeyed. Whatever is opposed to the peace of Christ in our hearts is ruled out for us—even so little a thing as to keep from eating meat, as Paul suggests. It is not for us to obey part of the rules of the game, and leave the other part.

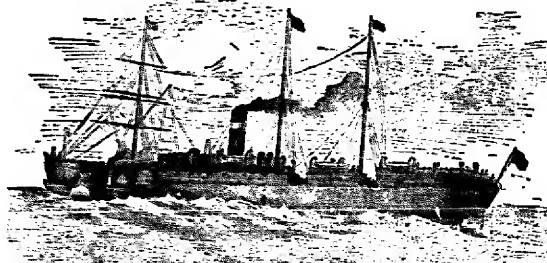
"One of our umpire's first rules is, 'Seek those things which are above.' The man who

Bank with God

doesn't lose! I've heard plenty of people say, 'If I obey God in this matter, I shall lose everything. I must look after my bread and butter.'

"But I have never known a man who sought the things which are above but, in the long run, he got his bread and butter and other things thrown in.

"The second rule is, 'Set your affection on things above.'



The R.M.S. "CARTHAGINIAN," in which the General sailed for Canada.

gets fat at any corps where those hangouts reside! For each the Judgment Day will be one of awful and just retribution. They stood on the Bank of Time's great stream; heard the screams of the drowning; before their very eyes they sank. They had the power to rescue and save them, yet, wretched thought, selfishly and carelessly they became soul-murderers, and the blood of thousands will be required at their hands.

You have heard the voice of warning. You have seen the awful reaping. Of a soul that sinks below. Beware then, you whom Christ has freed, From the wretched sinner's road, Like him who died twice over to save, oh, for ever speed!

J. R.

Newmarket and South Circle Corps.—Now that Harvest Fest is nearly over and I have a few moments to spare while at my billet during the Thanksgiving season, I feel that I must do something for my fellow soldiers.

MRS. ADJUTANT BRENGLE.

"You say, 'Mum! I attend to my business—to my work!' Yes; but if the peace of Christ is really your umpire—that which decides all with you—it will draw your mind back to the things above, the moment tension is withdrawn.

'Inordinate Affection'

is against the umpire's rules—threatening too much of people, so that they get in the way of our duty to God. Covetousness is ruled out. Covetousness even for God's work can drive the peace of God from your heart. Covetousness among women turns, not so much toward money, as toward what money stands for—for money's worth—for appearance, 'the glitter and show of this world.'

"Wrath must be put away. Nothing will destroy peace quicker. And once the umpire is put out of the game, small use playing any longer.

"All impurity must be done away with. The pure in heart shall 'see God'—not, of necessity, in dreams and visions, but in all the circumstances of life.

"Meekness and humble-mindedness are absolute essentials! 'I can't let anybody walk over me,' I often hear even Christians say. Well—the peace of God runs under people's feet. The river of His grace runs low in the valleys. Your umpire says, 'Put it on! You can't! Jesus will put it on for you! How often I have heard, 'I can let God put me down, but not people.' How can God put you down, except through people?"

SOCIAL NOTES.

BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

We are in dust and ashes. "We remember our sin this day." "Social Notes" have been sadly neglected. What is our excuse? They are legion, for to the eyes of our readers, they may appear so petty, that their will be safety in numbers. A short holiday, subsequent rush of work, etc., etc. But we won't do it any more if you will only forgive us this once.

The summer has indeed been a trying one. The sun has unmercifully poured its burning rays upon our innocent heads, until the Lieutenant below and the Private Detective above have almost melted.

We are usually prepared for harrowing tales of want and destitution in the depth of winter, but summer is supposed to be the harvest time—a time of plenty, a season when poverty, except in a few special cases, is unknown. But alas! it has not been so this summer.

Oh, what bitter tales of want we have listened to! Men of ability—men, in many cases possessing a good education, driven almost to desperation, willing to work for the smallest pittance, and yet unable to obtain employment. Of course there are many cases of fraud and imposition, but it is, nevertheless, only too true that there are in this fair city of our many hungry ones, many families going without even the bare necessities of life.

Let me give you one instance. One day last week when we reached the office, we found a middle aged woman awaiting our arrival. She was neatly dressed, and from the outward appearance, we could never have surmised her sad tale. After inviting her into our little office and offering her a seat, we commenced to try and find out her business. Doubtless, we thought, she has lost a friend, and has come to ask us to insert a notice in our Missing Column, but no, this was not her mission. Her voice very nearly choked as she said, "We have had nothing to eat for two days. I have been sick, and my husband has been out of work. We never had to ask for help before, but hunger has driven me to it."

Could this story be true? We must find out. Alas! our investigator returns with the sad message, "Only too true." They are respectable, quiet, worthy people, and yet for days they have been almost entirely without food. The rent has fallen behind, and poverty in its worst form stares them in the face. Gladly would we help them, but financially we cannot relieve them of their terrible burden, and yet, strange to say, when in deepest trouble such people instinctively turn to the Salvation Army. You do not hear of such cases; we do. You have the means to help them; we have not. The moral is plain. Will you act accordingly? Donations of food, clothing, money, etc., will always be most thankfully received at the Lifeboat, 261 Victoria Street.

Spiritually, our work is prospering, although, of course, there are difficulties and discouragements innumerable, but reinforcements have now appeared. We have welcomed to our midst Captain and Mrs. Dodd, late of the Social Farm. The Captain will henceforth devote himself to the Prison Gate Work, as well as to the general social work of the Lifeboat. Every morning finds him at the jail. Through the kindness of the officials he is allowed to see the prisoners before they are discharged. An offer of home and work is made, and if this is accepted the Captain escorts them to our Prison Gate Home.

From there he goes daily to the police court, where many receive from him words of cheer and advice, and where the same generous offer, a new start in life, is held out to those who are willing to accept it. And thus the work goes on. The seed which is sown in weakness is raised in power.

A week ago Sunday night, after a hard fight, we put the test: All those who are saved stand up. We were, indeed, surprised to see old J.—stand up. His face was very familiar. We had often watched our comrades eagerly pleading with him to give his heart to God, but when had he taken the step? It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise to find him amongst the saved ones. The meeting was closed, and eagerly we went over to speak to him. Yes, thank God, he had been saved some months ago, and although away working in the country, God had kept him true and given him the victory.

We were to judge of our work by visible results we would sometimes be badly disappointed, but this case we felt sure was one of many. What

to her abode is the way of death. Once she was as pure as your sister, and she is your sister. There was once a day when her pure lips met those of her mother, when the last good-bye was said. Ah! into what a vortex of iniquity and shame has she fallen since then! See her blanched cheeks and hollow eyes! Look at the blush of shame! Yet, has she not been included in the great redemption which Jesus, the kingly Saviour, died to procure? But lo! the Master calls for some loving, gentle sister to weep with that poor harlot, to take her aside, to bring hope into the despairing soul; yes, to love her. Who is to do it? In all probability the very female soldier who sits listening to me is the one, and if she disobeys God's call to go and rescue her lost sisters, awful will be her doom.

SEE YOUR LADY! True, she rides in a carriage drawn by a pair of noble steeds. True, she lives in a mansion and has numerous servants at her beck and call; but she is on the way to hell. For years all thought of spiritual matters have, by play and worldly pleasure been

Literally Barred from Her Soul.

she is a respectable slave to sin, and must eventually die of sin's disease and be lost. If somebody fails to tell her of her onward speed to perdition. Rich die as well as poor. Flourish they may like a green bay tree, but death comes in the midst of their mad march for pleasure, and low in the grave are they laid. Methinks there are hundreds of such rich lords, noblemen and ladies who die without God. Here, then, is opened a vast harvest field for some of our more refined soldiers who have had education. What a chance for such people to go for the souls of the wealthy. Ladies, brother, sister, what do you think about this?

SEE YOUR BUSINESS-MAN! Like a snail his soul-life has been eaten out by the things of the world. Forgetting that God's will is that he should be " fervent in spirit," as well as sane in business affairs. On he goes down the road and whirl of covetousness. Bit by bit Jesus is pushed to the wall. The dear old Bible goes discarded. Family prayer ceases. The dear children wonder what has come over father of late. His little "tricky" moves are soon made. Into the sugar goes the sand. Black is made white. Dishonesty creeps in.

Bankruptcy and Disgrace Follow.

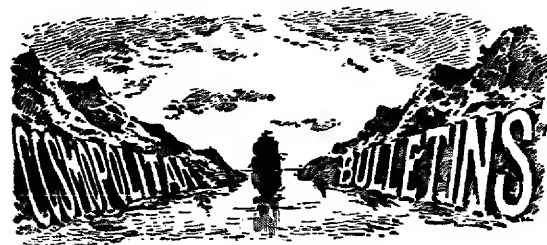
and often imprisonment. With a ruined life, a heart-broken wife, and a starved family, the poor fellow means in the solitude of a prison cell over his awful condition. Oh, for men and women to stand in the breach and cry out that God can keep men good and spiritual in any lawful business. Some of us here know this by hard experience. Then go out into the world and proclaim it.

Then, to you who have brain power, tact, energy and push, are you now in the position where you can use your business to the greatest spiritual benefit? If not, then apply for Army work, for the Salvation Army wants people of brains as well as heart.

In going from place to place I am more convinced every day I live that some of our best soldiers are definitely hiding away among others, after having heard God's call to the way and seen the need. This is the main cause of the stagnation of the soul-saving work in some of our corps. Not very clear and good would be the waters of a pond into which the water constantly flowed, but out of which there was no outlet. With a good inlet and outlet the water keeps beautifully clear and sweet. The land, too, by the side of the lake is refreshed, as well as that lying on either side of the outlet.

These Ought-to-be-Candidates

more about and around their corps. Loud and long the King of Glory calls them. The cry of the lost, their groans of despair are ever ringing in their ears, but stuffing their fingers in their spiritual ears they heed not the woeful cry. "Who will show us any good?" Ah! this great sinfulness of disobedience, it comes and hinders the onward march of the great S. A. Mission. We need, 'tis true; financial difficulties abound, which hamper us; but the greatest hindrance lies in the fact that numbers of healthy, sincere young men and women, who are ready to do the work, are being lost to the cause. These ought-to-be-candidates



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, England.—THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF has been up to the hilt in most important business. We regret, however, that his strength has not been so sustained as we could have wished. We are praying that he may be fully restored, and that his invaluable services may be uninterrupted by any physical weakness.

A most pleasing and inspiring feature of the week has been the representative Indian scenes, under the direction of Commissioner Rukani, which have been presented to the view of the London officers, in the Clapton Lecture Hall and at the Council Chamber, at International Headquarters. The former was held on Tuesday, and the latter on Saturday night, and will be reproduced to the soldiers and friends in the provinces, and have been the means of the salvation of many souls and the raising of £300 or £400 for the Foreign Work.

Items of intelligence from the various European battle-grounds are of a very cheery, advance character. A South European Congress is about to be held in Neuchâtel, the representatives at which will include officers from all the French Divisions, Belgium, the two Switzerland, and Italy.

In Germany, Major Rasch recently conducted an enrolment of soldiers in connection with Berlin II. corps. The recruits included a father, two sons, and a granddaughter belonging to one family. The mother is saved, and will shortly be added to the list.

The Mamel authorities have granted permission to our officers to resume evening meetings. For some time this right has been suspended. In Belgium, Brigadier Tait is opening the first Training Home—a step of great importance—at Brussels, and will commence with seven men-cadets.

Waterloo Station was the centre of interest to both Headquarters. The African Commissioner (late Colonel Ross), Mrs. Ross and their five children, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Swain, Captain Tom Lewis and Willie Carleton were now to commence their

journeys from that point. Commissioner Carleton and members of his family, Colonel Hallberg and Lawley, Major Swift (*All the World*), Major Sam Ross, Staff-Captains Lewis and Clarke, were among the Headquarters' representatives to wish our comrades God-speed, while a contingent of the Trade Band musically honoured their departure, being kindly permitted by the authorities to play upon the platform.

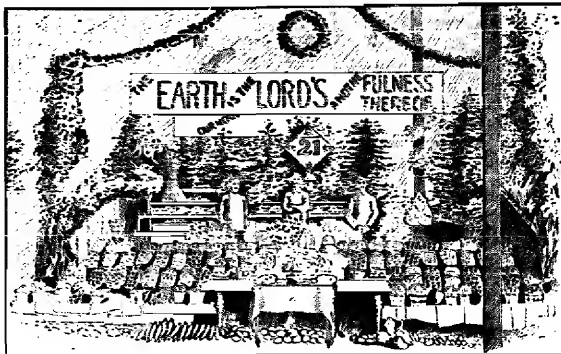
THE DISTRESS IN SCOTLAND.—Coal war raging; great distress; many families waiting bread. Thousands of breakfasts supplied to children.

The question of settling at a ten per cent. reduction seems just possible to end in a treaty of peace; but, meantime, the tales of suffering and woe, of starvation and death, amongst the poor are appalling. In the Glasgow district especially the distress is keener than ever.

United States, 111 Reade Street.

—After returning from the week-end at Glynedon, camp meeting, Mrs. Ballington Booth was taken very ill and confined to her bed at home, her condition causing much anxiety at Headquarters and where over the circumstances were known. At the present writing she is improving nicely, and it is believed she will soon be at her office again.

THE MINNESOTA FIRE.—The terrible fire which devastated a portion of Minnesota and Wisconsin have not probably had its parallel in this country for loss of human life for more than twenty years. At this writing it is not known whether or not any of our comrades suffered. The daily papers have been filled with accounts of the fire, and descriptions in these columns would be as impossible as it is unnecessary. Major Sullivan, of the Minnesota Division, very promptly tendered to the Relief Committee every possible aid the Army could render; offering, among other things, the Salvationists to go to the scenes of horror and act as nurses, etc. To what extent this offer has been accepted is not yet known; but viewed from all lights, past and present, it is hoped that the Army will be more than ever appreciated in Minnesota and the people made to think more than ever of their never-dying souls!



ST. CATHARINES HARVEST FESTIVAL.

An interesting report of a Social Reform meeting led by Mrs. Major Read in a Methodist Church in Vancouver, has come to our table. Unfortunately it is written on both sides of the paper, and we are too short-handed just now to copy it out.

A number of our friends in a certain Canadian city keep a diary of all Salvation Army affairs. Their style themselves the "War Cry" editors, and when some of our friends have been asked to write for them, they have been told that they should write for the "War Cry" editors.

make cigars. God bless their secretary! He would make a first-class W.A. copy reporter.

WARR at Montreal Mrs. Booth received a most kind invitation to address the Y. W. C. A. members and ladies of the committee at their morning prayer meeting. The president of the committee writing and saying that many would be helped and encouraged thereby, adding that "it would be to know a woman who would be the world's light." Under the name of "The World's Light" she was asked to write for the "War Cry" editors.

TOBE—Thou art a mighty Saviour. (B.J. 75; M.B.I., 91.)

1 Sinner, wandering far from God,
Trampling on His precious blood,
Come and seek the narrow way,
Start for heaven while you may.

CHORUS.

Thou art a mighty Saviour.

Soon your chains will have past,
Then you'll meet your God at last,
Answer for the work you've done
And the battles you have won.

If your sins you'll get forgiven
You can come with us to heaven,
Meet with loved ones gone before
Over on the other shore.

KATIE ALLEN, Kingston.

TOBE—I'm happy. (B.R. 47.)

2 There never was a time in all my life,
But what I'd like to end all sin and strife;
And when I tried in weakness of my own,
The devil came in like a flood and upset the whole.

CHORUS.

Now I'm happy, now I'm happy,
I've joined the great S. A.,
And there I meet to work and fight,
And pay away.

There never was a love like Jesus' love,
It fills all earth and fills all heaven above;
So when I came determined to be his,
He rolled the burden from my heart and gave me peace.

There never was a sinner down so deep
But what the Lord is willing for to meet;
If you will come and lay your burden down,
I'm sure the Lord will take you in without a frown.

SECOND CHORUS.

You'll be happy, you'll be happy,
Then join the great S. A.,
And God will give you work to do
To pay away.

LIEUT. G. THOMPSON,
Bird Island Cove, N.B.

TOBE—Short about salvation.

3 Full fifty years have passed away
Since General Booth began
To tell Salvation's wondrous tale
To poor, lost, fallen men.
On Mile End Waste in London
Arose our noble, honored leader.

CHORUS.

Long live, long live our noble General,
Long live, long live to tell sweet Calvary's tale;

Oh, may you many years be spared
To free the captive's chain,
Our worthy, honored General.

CAPTAIN PERRY, Summerside.

TOBE—We shall win. (B.J., 28.)

4 I once heard of a beautiful land,
With a mansion all ready for me;
But at first I could not understand
And the way to that home could not see.

CHORUS.

But I sought and I found,
In my Saviour the true living way;
And with joy is abundant,
I am walking in it day by day.

I thought if I ventured to go,
All my happiness would be over,
I'd have nothing but sorrow and woe,
So I'd hand on that bright golden shore.

Though I knew that the pleasure I sought
On the road that I travelled so well,
Was the price with which my poor soul was bought,
And some day would lead me in hell.

Oh, the misery that thought to me did bring,
While God's Spirit strove with me night and day;
For I knew that's where death had its sting,
And the grave still got its victory.

But, thank God, I ever sought and I found,
I've a heaven right here all the way;
Only there does true pleasure abound,
In true service to God every day.

SECOND CHORUS.

Sinner, seek and you'll find,
In this Saviour the true and only way;
Leave sin and the devil behind,
Christ will you with joy every day.

D. R. B., Calgary.

TOBE—Down in the garden. (B.J. 67; S.M.I., 31.)

5 Dear Jesus, I will follow Thee,
My life in Thy hands shall be;
My all is in Thy altar laid,
My heart is pure and whole.

CHORUS.

Lord, I will follow
When the path is drear;
Lead me, Lord, to
Thee.

Oh, can I ever, Lord, forget
Thy grief and agony
Down on the cold, damp ground one night
In dark Gethsemane.

Dear Jesus, I will walk with Thee,
Thou art my only guide;
Thy overhauling arms are strong,
I'm safe when by Thy side.

Help me, dear Lord, to work for Thee,
Unworthily though I be;
Though weak may be my frail, weak hand,
Thou art enough for me.

LIEUTENANT EMMA WAY, Ottawa.

TOBE—Happy day. (B.J. 30.)

6 What can take away this weariness of life?
Nothing but the precious blood;
What can give me peace and victory within?
Nothing but the precious blood.
This alone must be my plea—Jesus Christ has died for me,
There's no other source to which my soul can fly.

Only to the Saviour's precious blood.

CHORUS.

Precious blood, precious blood,
Belonging sinners back to God;
Precious blood, precious blood,
Washing all my guilt and sin away.

What can bring me back to fellowship with God?

Nothing but the precious blood;
What makes my life acceptable and good?
Nothing but the precious blood.
Nothing, Lord, have I to bring, oh my
Brightened everything;
This is all my hope and to the Cross I cling—
Nothing but the Saviour's precious blood.

This shall be my theme as through the veil I go.

Nothing but the precious blood;
This my life's ambition tell to high and low,
Only of the precious blood.
Nothing else will e'er avail, every other claim
Will fail;
Hell can be defeated, man with God prevail,
Only through the Saviour's precious blood.

MARION BAKER.

TOBE—Happy day. (B.J. 6; S.M.I. 31.)

7 Thy call, oh God, just now I hear,
That asks me to be Thine alone;
I rise to go without a fear,
Since in my soul Thy light has shone.

CHORUS.

I will go, I will go,
Thy grace will keep me, Lord, I know;
I care not what I lose for Thee
If only Thou my gain shall be.

CHORUS.

I care not, Lord, where Thou shalt lead,
Or in what land my days I spend,
If only I may tell some need,
And lead the lost to Thee, their friend.

The gold I might by toil obtain,
The lands and houses I might gain,
With sinful guilt my soul might stain,
And wreck my life on rocks of sin.

Too late some day 'twill be to go,
When maddening in the grave I lie;
Oh, may I not the sorrow know,
Thus with a wasted life to die.

W. RITCHIE, Kingston, Ont.

TOBE—If the Cross are boldly bear. (B.J., 26; B.J., 63; S.M.I., 100.)

8 Oh, my dear friend and fellow-sinner,
Why don't you stop and rest
To the wondrous, wondrous call of Christ,
Which comes to you and says.

CHORUS.

Sinner, why do you tread
On the truth and gift of God?
Look out, or you will see
And reach the hell prepared by God.

You hear the word often preached,
And entrance even now,
To quit your awful, ugly sin,
And come to Christ, your God.

Still you say, "There is lots of time,
And then it's not so great
As you folks say it is,
You only exaggerate."

My friend, do not His call disobey,
For many like you have been led
In that horrible place below,
Prepared by God, the Just.

BROTHER A. WHITE, Yorkville.

TOBE—Innocent. (B.J. 123.)

9 From my heart the Lord has taken
Every doubt and every fear,
All my sins have been forgiven,
And my sky is bright and clear.

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, hallelujah, etc.

Perfect peace within is flowing
Like a river, deep and wide;
Day by day in grace I'm growing,
Living as my Saviour's side.

Joy exceeding, full of glory,
Fills and floods my inner soul;
Uplifting me to tell and sing
Of the Blood that sets me free.

Newfoundland Greet the General with her Sweetest Smiles.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Topics this week are passed on the course of route for Kingston, and under a somewhat happy inspiration at the thought of going forth to meet the General. Soon it will be my

The General.

glad privilege to see his face, hear his voice, take his commands, and re-assure him of the love and service rendered him for Christ's sake, by his brave Canadian troops. My readers will pardon the pride I feel in going to meet my leader as commander of a wing of the Army which has carried the day against overwhelming odds. This has been the first time, by many a dozen, it has fallen to my lot as the representative of large numbers of officers and soldiers to greet our veteran. But, by comparison, these were the occasions of the parade-grounds; this is the occasion of the battlefield. I go to tell him he has soldiers in Canada whose souls have been tried by fire, and upon whose heads has been placed the laurel of victory.

"The General is coming." Along the line like magic the cry has rung from corps to corps, and heart to heart, and never, I believe, did the coming of a chief to the camp inspire more hope or enthusiasm. What Napoleon was to Austerlitz, and Wellington to Waterloo, the General will be to a deeper and grander cause than we. He will be the chief. That we need, and that without doubt we shall receive. To have a "Well done!" from our prophet will encourage us as little else could. The General, too, will be inspiration. That capacity God has so endowed him with for inspiring courage and fight into everyone will bear magnificent fruit on the last soil of Canada. We shall, too, get instruction. When, as we see Moses can show us the way through our dead seas and over our wildernesses? Faith, too, must come with the General. Is he not himself a grand example of what this can accomplish? Then again, the General will present us with a new chance. Unlimited interest will be manifested in his movements, and immense crowds gather at his meetings. Here is an opportunity to make the claims of the Army understood, and to bring back the remembrance of all the Army has implied to the hearts of the many who have deserted the path of sacrifice for the pleasure and ease of Egypt. And so we shall linger with our General, and watch him with loving interest, and learn from him while we pray for his sustaining, and while we help him with our outpouring love.

Our Chief in the Camp.

The decisions of the June Congress are slowly but surely being themselves met. The Corps Budget Scheme is to be got into operation the last week in the present month at the chief place. The Regulations are issuing the necessary instructions. The idea is simple. In future, the financing of corps is not to be left entirely to the officers who are otherwise burdened with almost as much as they can carry. The corps payments are quite as much the affair, if not more, of the soldiers' comprising it. To pay the rent of their sanctuaries, meet their local expenditures, and support their Shepherd, is surely the work of every true people of God. This has only to be thought on to be realized. I am certain thousands of our good, true people will rise up to share the burdens that have too long solely rested upon their officers.

The Corps Budget.

We are going in more red-hot for souls this winter than ever in our history. We propose to begin at the right end. Soul-winning is all a question of faith. Revivals must first begin in the hearts of God's people. That such a revival has taken place in many thousands of hearts there can be no question. Everywhere there is a deeper interest in spiritual things. Many a man comes the news of soldiers wanting and praying with God. Souls are getting saved in places where there has been little but spiritual drought for a lengthy period, but still there is need to be accomplished. The General's coming will help us. We must make the most of it. The Commandant will return (D.V.) to Toronto about the 15th of October. On that Friday night he will be received into the city, and inaugurate the winter series of holiness meetings, which will be conducted by himself or Mrs. Booth in the Jubilee Hall. During the months of October, November and December, he proposes to visit each district centre for a half night of prayer with soldiers of the district. Every effort must be made to get soldiers together. Faith parties will be organized. No soldier must on any account miss the chance. The practical issues of the war will be thrashed out, and a covenant entered into on the spot. A mighty stirring-up may be expected.

Souls!

Meanwhile, Mrs. Booth will give special attention to our outside friends and will conduct great demonstrations in the larger places. Special attention will be given to the enrolment of Auxiliaries. While, therefore, the Commandant's work will be behind the scenes, Mrs. Booth will be at the front, inspiring all with courage and cheer. In no city in the Dominion is the Salvation Army more splendidly and advantageously entrenched than behind the walls of our new Citadel in London. The War Cry does not yet seem to have awakened up to the fact that we have just carried into effect as far as our enterprise as has marked the career of the Army in Canada. Doubtless we shall shortly be favored with pictorial representations of this new fortress of salvation. The corps is now established in its new quarters. The barracks, except for the other 100, I give it my deliberate word, is not so airy and spacious for its size by any building in the Army in any part of the world. Perhaps the crowning victory of the whole line is the fact that we have a barracks, seating six hundred people, with a beautiful work-night hall, with rising seats on the most approved style, accommodating three hundred, right in the heart of the city on one of the prettiest thoroughfares, and all at a rental of eight dollars a week. The popularity of the hall is attested by the fact that since it was opened, the corps has had larger congregations than for years gone by, and I confidently expect a magnificent winter campaign for the city.

London.

Food and Shelter. Her in this all. Not only has the corps reaped the advantages of this transaction, but the Salvation Army as a whole. In addition to finding quarters for the officers in charge. Then come the airy and spacious dormitories for poor men. Then a commodious restaurant with its appointments and roomy kitchen, to say nothing of reading and lounging rooms, and commodious lavatories. Alas, we have our wood-yard with every convenience for employing the poor and for pushing an active little business. Truly, the corporation of a Shelter in place like London is to be tried under the most happy conditions, and the best of which is the appointment of Adjutant Miller and his wife to the command of the undertaking. They leave the city this week to prepare for the opening, which the Commandant hopes to carry into effect at the end of October. Meanwhile with evermore prayer for this undertaking, which has been blessed solely for the glory of God, that it might be used for the salvation of many of the poorest of that city. Why not?

Food and Shelter.

A change of a considerable number of district officers takes place at the end of the present month. "Is it?" Let everybody concerned pray that God may guide us to send you to the right place, and remember, that will be the place where you are most needed. One or two striking appointments will be announced. Look out and keep believing. "Lord, is it I?" Once again has the Army asserted its power and influence in high place. Eight years ago as Salvationists could hardly unite to help maintain the move favored ministers of the flock of Christ. Let it be said to the honor of Canada, and let it be quoted forever as an evidence of the large-mindedness and freedom of her constitution, that she has in so short a space of time altered all that. In Ontario, Newfoundland, in Manitoba, and now in the North-West territories, where the House of Commons has just granted us this power, we are on a footing with any other of any church, and Salvation soldiers may now be united by their own untrained officers under the folds of their own banner. Well done, North-West! But what are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec doing? Is there any difference in the climate, or are there any other peculiar matters in the East that should make our legislators there so slow to grant what has been so generously and rightly conceded in the far West? It's bound to come.

Adjutant Miller.

The new celebrated author of the untrammelled song, with the stirring original chorus, "We join 'em," has at last, after much solicitation, considerable hesitation, and a little palpitation, bowed a final adieu to the fatal shades of bachelor's hall and gone and joined himself to a fair object of a more sunny country. Little did the unimagined reader of the War Cry expect the poet who composed that striking chorus would in so remarkable a manner exemplify the truth of his own utterance. But sure enough he's "joined 'em," and sure enough everyone who has known him will wish the happy pair every blessing God can shed upon their wedded life. No more marriages of the many I have conducted ever gave me more

pleasure, and never did one appear more worthy the inspiration and blessing that followed in the wake of a true helpmeet than does my dear and faithful comrade the Major. Since the early days of his childhood I have known and loved him, and we all pray that this step may prove the entering in to another better and more useful career than that which has fitted up the long interval of years during which he has held the flag straight above his head and sworn by its principles. As to his wife. It was a trying ordeal to make one's first appearance in a new country among strangers on the night of one's wedding, but, God bless her, she did it well and grandly, and won all hearts by her simplicity and earnestness. Long life and many bright days, Major. And now you are married, what new fountains of inspiration and sentiment may we not expect to open up from out the sparkling pages of our dear old War Cry.

Major Read has just recovered from a severe attack of sickness, brought on, doubtless, by overwork and strain. He has returned to Winnipeg, with his wife, after a most successful trip to the Coast. He speaks in glowing terms of all he has seen, and of the cordial reception he met on the occasion of the General's visit. The Coast is all alive, too, on the question of the Jubilee Scheme. The Commandant has been down among the books and figures, and debts and mortgages, and it has taken double pressure on his knees to keep his soul from getting wrenched up. The way some folks pay their War Cry accounts and rents is the best means the devil has yet contrived to choke the grace out of the present Communion's soul. Nevertheless he survives! God be praised, there'll be no mortgages in heaven! Major Friedrich is on his way home. He sailed by the a.s. City of Paris last Wednesday, and will reach Toronto about the third of October. A warm welcome awaits him, together with many matters of momentous importance. Like a true soldier he carried out his business at home in a few days, and hastened back to the post so much needing him. The Bazaar Work at Winnipeg has been removed to more commodious premises. This will give the work in that city a splendid impetus. In another week we will see the William Booth once more proudly sailing the wide waters of Lake Ontario, to help us do anything to help us do it! YOU, my friend, just reading this. We are interested, I feel sure. Could you not send a mite to relieve our burden, and thus have a share in her pilgrimages of mercy? DO TRY!

What will the harvest be? That is the question just now all round as the result of the Harvest Festival come pouring into Headquarters. It is too soon to speak yet; but so far, so good. Our Dominion targets are well on their way. We are, I feel sure, well on our way to get at the June Congress. Shall we do it? I almost tremble for the answer. An increase of \$2,000 on the magnificent rise of last year, is a great deal to hope for, I admit. Up to date, however, the returns show that we are going straight for the goal. There have been some unpleasant drops which make me anxious, but on the other hand there have been magnificent, simply magnificent rises.

East Ontario has her records most complete. It would seem that Brigadier Scott has taken the whole Dominion by storm. I am afraid the other Brigadiers won't stand the ghost of a chance. I confess I am gloriously stunned. I put the steady but sure Brigadier down for \$1,000 as his share of the \$9,000. That was a rise on last year of nearly \$400 for forty corps. The Brigadier and his go-ahead staff have put my little faith to shame, and have kept clean over the moon. They have scored up to date the stupendous total of \$1,300, or a rise of nearly \$700. More than double. I want to know the Province that can beat this. I have my eye on the North-West, where they seem to be going once more to surpass themselves. There's the Newfoundland. I have looked them. Major Morris, do you thank you can beat East Ontario behind? Here is a chance for you. But about the Harvest Festival figures later on.

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pleasure, and never did one appear more worthy the inspiration and blessing that followed in the wake of a true helpmeet than does my dear and faithful comrade the Major. Since the early days of his childhood I have known and loved him, and we all pray that this step may prove the entering in to another better and more useful career than that which has fitted up the long interval of years during which he has held the flag straight above his head and sworn by its principles. As to his wife. It was a trying ordeal to make one's first appearance in a new country among strangers on the night of one's wedding, but, God bless her, she did it well and grandly, and won all hearts by her simplicity and earnestness. Long life and many bright days, Major. And now you are married, what new fountains of inspiration and sentiment may we not expect to open up from out the sparkling pages of our dear old War Cry.

Major Read has just recovered from a severe attack of sickness, brought on, doubtless, by overwork and strain. He has returned to Winnipeg, with his wife, after a most successful trip to the Coast. He speaks in glowing terms of all he has seen, and of the cordial reception he met on the occasion of the General's visit. The Coast is all alive, too, on the question of the Jubilee Scheme. The Commandant has been down among the books and figures, and debts and mortgages, and it has taken double pressure on his knees to keep his soul from getting wrenched up. The way some folks pay their War Cry accounts and rents is the best means the devil has yet contrived to choke the grace out of the present Communion's soul. Nevertheless he survives! God be praised, there'll be no mortgages in heaven! Major Friedrich is on his way home. He sailed by the a.s. City of Paris last Wednesday, and will reach Toronto about the third of October. A warm welcome awaits him, together with many matters of momentous importance. Like a true soldier he carried out his business at home in a few days, and hastened back to the post so much needing him. The Bazaar Work at Winnipeg has been removed to more commodious premises. This will give the work in that city a splendid impetus. In another week we will see the William Booth once more proudly sailing the wide waters of Lake Ontario, to help us do anything to help us do it! YOU, my friend, just reading this. We are interested, I feel sure. Could you not send a mite to relieve our burden, and thus have a share in her pilgrimages of mercy? DO TRY!

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Canada Welcomes Our Veteran Leader, and will Shew Her Appreciation of the Beneficent Services He has Rendered to Thousands of Her Subjects.



TORONTO, SEPT. 22, 1904.

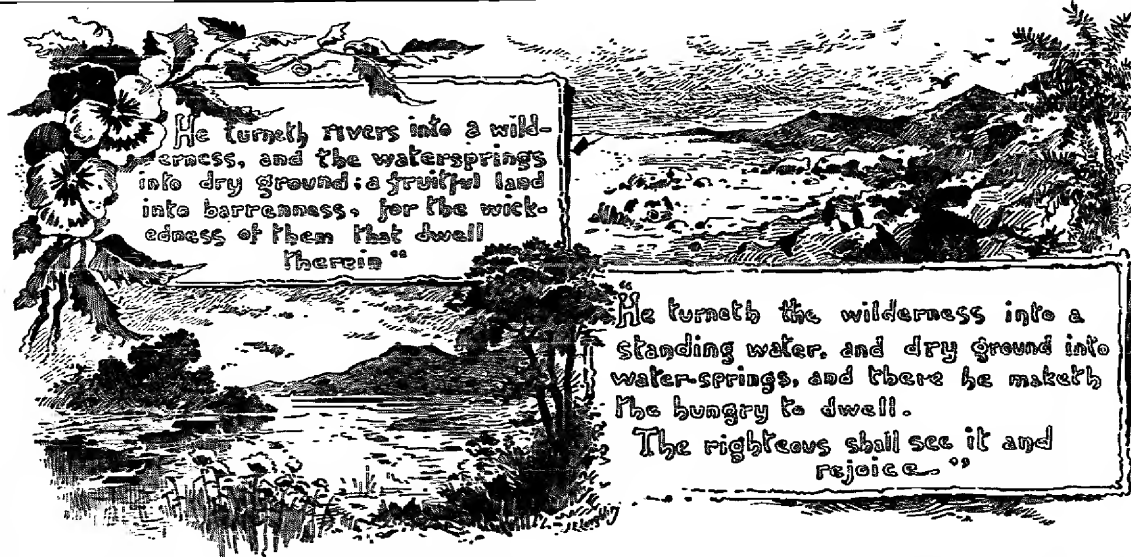
WAR CRY!

Hurrah! No stagnation, another

thousands of others, have induced the Commandant to decide on a very agreeable change in the WAR CRY—a change which is to come to full effect in our very next issue. We congratulate one and all. There seems little room to doubt that our present production is too cumbersome and unwieldy, and supplies far more matter than is read by the majority of readers. The War Cry is a paper of paper used, although the very best has been provided that the expenses would admit. True, an indiscriminating taste may value quantity and take not a second thought about the quality of the article proffered, but we have not, generally speaking, that class of people in Canada. We rejoice to know that our highly-favored land has been

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in literature and elsewhere. Our new Cry will be altered in size, printed on better paper, ornamented with a greater variety of type; the cuts will be brighter, and in fact, the dear old Cry will be throughout so sparkling and attractive that it will feel itself in its brightest and best, and delight everyone accordingly. We



THE NEW PROGRAM.

Not only shall we have an altered, revised, and improved WAR CRY generally, but we intend taking up more fully some of the splendidly original ideas promulgated by the Commandant some months ago, as also introducing some other new features. Amongst other things we expect to present our readers with the following course of reading regularly:—

1. A monthly review of the Army's advance throughout the world.
2. A weekly record of a completed Jubilee scheme.
3. How they die.
4. The World's Witness Box.
5. Corps' History.
6. Great Men on Great Matters.
7. Historical Events.
8. Canadian WAR CRY Contributors.
9. The Platform.
10. Our Auxiliaries, etc.

We ask again a renewal of that kindly sympathy which has been so generously extended to our paper by thousands of our comrades and friends hitherto, we ask that our comrades will consecrate themselves afresh to the WAR CRY, carrying the paper to every place, both good and evil, throughout the land, and above all, we ask from all the lovers of Christ a ministry of intercession on the WAR CRY's behalf, that every week it may go forth, not merely as cold type, but as an anointed messenger, capable in the hand of the Great King of convicting, converting and quickening on every hand. God grant that it may be so!

Salvationists and Friends, Attention!—We would like to inform you that we are able to provide you with the best, and only the best, of coal, hard and soft wood, and kindling, at reasonable prices, with satisfactory weight and measurement. Our yard, even now, is small for our increased business, and consequently we have no room for "cheap stuff." Prompt delivery is one of our specialities. By sending up "phone 761 you may have your coal, Salvation Army Coal and kindling, delivered to your door. Write to us at 761, Wilton Avenue and Victoria.

ADMITTANCE BY ONE WAR CRY.

Vancouver.—Our Harvest Festival meetings have truly been a season of thankfulness. Our barracks were tastefully decorated with grain and evergreens. The attendance at all the meetings was good, and much interest was shown. On the Saturday night we had the "Drunkard's Home Home" as the chief part, after which lunch was served, to which a fair number responded.

On Monday night we had a singing battle, which went with considerable vim and go. After the battle ice-cream was supplied, the demand for it being great. Our thanks are due to the friends who have aided us with contributions of money and goods. The goods were sold on Wednesday and Monday nights at fair prices.

Wednesday night will be WAR CRY night, no one to be admitted without a copy of the CRY. We expect to greatly increase its sale.

Prince Albert.—The past few weeks we have been busy with the Harvest Festival. Our soldiers took hold of it well, and our friends helped by sending in vegetables. We had a very nice assortment. One of our comrades built a small house and fenced it in, and brought it along to the barracks. It looked very nice, and sold for a nice little sum. We had good crowds out to our special meetings, and we succeeded in raising \$50. We have been encouraged, too, lately by seeing three souls coming to God, and they are doing all they can to get others out for salvation. Capt. ISAACSON.

The ascent of the "War Cry"—handler shape, better effect of outs. If we continue to develop this way, what shall we evolve into at last?



"GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!"

I.

The leaves are browning and thinning,
The swallows are southward skimming,
Good-bye, summer.

II.

The flowers are disappearing,
White-bellied winter is nearing,
Good-bye, summer.

III.

What though the summer closes?
Winter has Christmas roses!
Good-bye, summer.

IV.

Ah! Hope is a strong man, given
To pilot us to Heaven.

GEORGE LOGAN.

Books and Publications.

I.—BY THE GENERAL.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR FIELD OFFICERS.—A book which should be in the possession of each Field Officer. Bound in Red Cloth, \$1.25. Bound in Red Leather, \$2.00.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS.—All Scribes should use this, and every D. O. should have one in his office. 60 cents.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT.—Paper Cover, 50 cts. Cloth, \$1.00.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—Limp Cover, 65 cts. Cloth Boards, 75 cts.

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THE GENERAL'S LETTERS.—Cloth Boards, 50 cts. Paper Cover, 35 cts.

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HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for all kinds of work.

Shipping, Post and Coal. City Prison delivered.

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HOW THEY DIE!

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. And, perhaps, the love of our pitiful Heavenly Father, is nowhere more fully displayed, than in His gentle dealings with His nervous, timid children in the hour of death. For, be it remembered, that all Christians are not like the heroes

In striking contrast to the deaths of the timid Christians mentioned above, was that of Mrs. Mary Winslow herself. The aged saint, of eighty-six or more summers, "like a shock of corn coming in his season," lay on her death-bed. She was the honored mother of a large family. Several of her sons had become devoted ministers

BEYOND DEATH'S RIVER.

While we have been busy gathering in the fruits for our Harvest Festival, the Reaper, Death, has thrust his sickle into the ranks of the St. Catharines corps, taking away one of our most tried and true comrades, Sergeant Mrs. Bell.

She was one of the Army's first converts in this place, and for ten years has bravely stood by her post, in storm and sunshine. We are confident she is now reaping her reward in Glory.



Scottish girl Covenanters, who, when partly drowned, was cruelly brought back to life again to give her an opportunity to repent. "No, no," she exclaimed, "I am God's child, let me go." They let her go, and the brave young martyr went home to her Lord.

Very different was the case of a timid, nervous Scotch woman, dying in one of our public institutions some years ago. A poor, feeble, old creature, weakened in body—perhaps also in mind—by paralysis. Of a gentle, shrinking nature, she did not like the thought of death. Knowing her to be a faithful Christian, one of the nurses remarked as the poor sufferer lay moaning and panting on her bed, "I wonder that you, who are suffering so much, should be afraid to die."

The old Scotch woman gravely replied, "There's nae fun in it." I should say not, indeed. It is a solemn thing to die. It is needless, however, to add, that when the last hour arrived, she was carried safely over Jordan in the strong arms of her Saviour.

Mrs. Mary Winslow, in her letters, mentions a similar case. Owing to the morbid, fearsome temperament of a pious servant, who was sick unto death, it was impossible to see—humanly speaking—how such a Christian could be carried consistently through. Our loving, Heavenly Father took her gently home in her sleep, so that His timid child had no time to frighten himself, as so many do, about the mere act of dying.

Oh, dear Salvationist brothers and sisters, we shall have, even in death, victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May God, the Holy Spirit, comfort us in that solemn hour, and enable us to give burning testimonies for Jesus.

Several times I have come nearly dying myself; once this last spring, and in terrible agony from ague. All was nearly over, the head nurse was called from her bed just in time to apply the remedies, that, under God, saved my life. I can joyfully testify to the all-sufficiency of the grace of Jesus. Moaning in mortal agony, I could still remark to the attendants that it would be so nice to get home to heaven and see Christ. Then again, the blisful thought of working for Him in the Army (I had only become a soldier a month or two previously), reconciled me to a life of pain, and I could thankfully leave the matter to Christ. During the succeeding fortnight of danger, I could not choose either to live or die. I felt how delightful it

of our Lord, and no wonder, for, oh, how faithfully and constantly had their mother laid both them, and afterwards her numerous grandchildren, at the feet of Christ in loving, earnest prayer. Many of these children gathered round her bed. The last moment was rapidly approaching. Lying perfectly quiet, going heavenward, she exclaimed most joyfully, "I see Him, I see Him!"

"Whom do you see, dearest mamma?" inquired one of her minister-sons. With the light of glory on her face, still looking upwards, the dying Christian could only repeat more emphatically still, "I see Him, I see Him!"

and triumphantly she departed to be with Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

M. A., Special Correspondent.

During her illness she never murmured, but her testimony was always, "Praise God." She was more than conqueror through Him Who loved us.

We buried her in the uniform she loved so well, and gave her an Army funeral.

The funeral service, conducted by Esdaign Arkett, was attended by over 300 people. Each comrade testified to the help and inspiration received from her. We felt that she was the mother of the corps. Esdaign Turner also spoke of her consistent life during his command. He urged the unrepentant to live for God.

We marched from the barracks to the cemetery, the band playing

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

We felt that we could truly say, "O,



Grave, where is thy victory? O, Death, where is thy sting?"

At the open grave-side we believe every comrade silently renewed their vows to be true to God, the flag, and each other, and meet our sister in the Morning.

We held the memorial service on Sunday night. God came near, many hearts were touched, and we finished with three souls at the Cross. Lieut. FRED. YOUNG.

Our beloved salvation comrades

Are leaving one by one,
They have fought and won life's battles,
And now hear the glad "Well done."
They have safely passed death's river,
And now rest beyond the battle's roar,
If we're true to God we'll meet them
On that happy golden shore.

Our comrade off has borne us
To the throne, on prayer and faith's strong wings,
And now with Christ, her Saviour,
Around the Throne she sings.

Although our hearts feel sad at parting,
And on earth we shall see her never more,
If we are true to God we shall meet her
Over on the other shore.

If we keep our garments spotless
And fight the battle through,
We shall meet with all our loved ones
In the land beyond the blue.
Soon those pearly gates will open,
And we'll enter in with Christ to dwell,
To be welcomed by the Saviour,
And our comrade, Sister Bell.

F. Y., for St. Catharines Corps.



PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Analia Bethune, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Pierce Dorell, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Walter Rice, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Joseph Goring, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Ada Thomas, of Western Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Sarah Cartlett, of Western Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Frank Bird, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Jessie Ayling, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Dora Meikle, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Clara Stata, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Lieutenant William Carter, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.
Cadet J. Hester, of Newfoundland, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Wm. Hawkins, of Newfoundland, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet Annie Hurst, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.
Cadet David Davidson, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Bethune, to Tilt Cove, Newfoundland.
Captain Dorell, to St. John's, Newfoundland.
Captain Rice, to Grand Bank, Newfoundland.
Captain Goring, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant Hester, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant Hawkins, to Trinity, Newfoundland.
Lieutenant Hurst, to Monowin, N.W.T.
Lieutenant Davidson, to New Westminster, B.C.
Captain Thomas, to Victoria, B.C.
Captain Cartlett, to Nanaimo, B.C.
Captain Bird, to Paken, Ontario.
Captain Ayling, to Stantford, Quebec.
Captain Meikle, to Bedford, Quebec.
Captain Stata, to Prescott, Ontario.
Captain Carter, to Pembroke, Ontario.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

TUNE—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.
(B.J., 63.)

I have been in the darkness of sin,
Away from my Saviour and God,
My heart has been hard and unclean,
And burdened with many a load.

CHORUS.

Yes, oh yes, Jesus purchased redemption for me.
(Repeat.)

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and First Floor.

The Life Story of David Wilson.

DRUNK AT SEVEN—AN INTOXICATED ENGINE-DRIVER CAPTURED BY THE ARMY—SAVED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The subject of this sketch was not what people would call a moral man, but rather, a man possessed with devil. He was born at Stellarton, N. S., in the year 1847. He does not remember much about his life before he was seven years old, when for the first time he got drunk.

There had been two punishments at his father's, and they were having some gin today. They asked him if he would have a little drop; he said, "Yes." The consequence was that he got drunk, and thought that the road was coming up to meet him.

While at school he was, like most boys, full of fun and mischief. While at school he acquired the habit of tobacco chewing, and in later years he became a regular slave to it.

At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a tailor. While here he got mixed up with bad company, and steadily went on.

A Downward Career.

One night the boss tailor went out on a drunk; his wife came into the shop and got one of the apprentices to go after him, but he got drunk with his master; then she sent the second one, and he did likewise. David was then sent, and he also stayed with them, and the consequence was that they all came home drunk between two and three o'clock in the morning.

He kept on this way, and also commenced playing cards. He often would go down his father's cellar and steal whiskey out of the barrels, and when he wanted it somewhere else he would steal the money out of the till. By this time his apprenticeship was finished, so he started business for himself, and did well, making lots of money, but still being

BROTHER DAVID WILSON, WESTVILLE.

Addicted to Drink

his business was not long in going to pieces. He soon gave up altogether, and started to sell liquor. After selling it for a little while he got caught, and was convicted, and rather than pay the fine he went to gaol for twenty days. While here the other run-sellers often sent him liquor, so as to "keep him well-soaked." One day he got two old chums and set them drunk. On another occasion he gave liquor to the jailer's wife and her wash-woman. This roused the jailer's temper, but he was also asked to come and have some as there was still a little left.

At last he got out, but he was just as bad as ever. He still kept on selling

Liquor on the Sly

until he was found out and was convicted, and would have again been fined, or imprisoned, but he left the place and went to Cape Breton for four or five months, where he drove a herring engine. He came home again, and gave up the whiskey selling as a bad job. He was living at Vale Colliery at this time, and he would often go to his work more drunk than sober, but when once he got a hold of the engine handles he would be all right.

While at work he would have his bottle of whiskey or brandy near at hand, and when thirsty would take a drink. One afternoon while at work four of them drank five gallons of porter between them, and he was discharged for being drunk while at work.

He went away to Springhill, N.S., then came to Westville, where he worked at the mines for two years. All this time he had

Family Worship,

and used to read his Bible. He came home drunk one night, and started to have family worship; his wife tried to persuade him not to, asking him was he not frightened that the Lord would strike him dead owing to the state he was in. But he got down on his knees to pray, and fell asleep while he was praying, and did not wake till morning.

When his wife got up and saw him she was frightened, and thought he was dead. But at last the Army opened fire in New Glas-

pay-day and they thought that he would get drunk; but, no, he went to the rum-shop, paid his rum-bill, and told them that would be his last.

This is now over eight years ago, and he is still a living witness for God, proving each day that He is able to keep from sin. Praise God, what He has done for Brother Wilson. He is able to do it for you, unswerving reader. Seek Him now while you have time and opportunity.

DRUNK AT
THE FAMILY ALTAR.



Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRETT.

Our Harvest Festival meetings are once more a thing of the past, and have left in their train seasons of blessing, light, and inspiration, as well as being a good financial success.

The results, all told, are away ahead of last year, most of the corps going beyond last year's amounts. The most creditable increases on last year are as follows:—

Hamilton I, \$61.85; Hamilton II, \$22.18; Lindsay, \$17; Barrie, \$12.11; Riversdale, \$9.08; Feversham, \$7.10; Ligar St., \$7; Dundas, \$6.50; Dovercourt, \$4.17; Port Perry, \$3.71; Niagara Falls, \$3; Parry Sound, \$3; Richmond St., \$2.69; Midland, \$2.55; Huntsville, \$2.50; Stayner, \$1.91; making a total increase on the above corps over last year of \$176.35.

At the time of writing Unbride, Aurora, Sherburne, Tyrone, Orillia, St. Catharines, Oshawa, and Stouffville were yet to hear from, which no doubt will bring the increases up higher still. Taking into consideration the difficult task just at the present to raise cash, these rises speak very hopefully.

Our different barracks, too, were very tastefully decorated, the most tastefully decorated one in the city being Riversdale, which reflects great credit on the corps. As far as I can judge, St. Catharines appears to have come out best for decorations outside of Toronto.

Lippincott Harvest Festival was rather novel, being held on Wells' Hill under canvas.

We thank God for victories won, and press on to brighter days.

Our Provincial Demonstration in Toronto is also a thing of the past. As these meetings are already written up I shall just touch on them briefly.

Right throughout they were very deeply spiritual, a great spirit of oneness and loyalty to the flag prevailed; officers were united in their expressions of love for the General, Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and our leaders throughout the Dominion, and have great faith for high tides during the General's campaign in this country.

The Brigadier went very minutely into the figures of every district and corps and found out just our strength and where we were weak.

Officers saw their work as it is, and one and all resolved to buckle on and work more than ever, so that God and the Army can depend on them.

As many officers were fawalling from corps the Brigadier set apart one night for a commissioning and appointing officers to their new commands.

The following have changed appointments:—

Capt. Steigers and Lieut. Barker, to Orillia; Capt. Richmond and Lieut. Legge, to Huntsville; Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, to Gravenhurst; Captain Lewis, to Midland; Capt. Barr, to Barrie; Capt. Wiseman, to Stroud;

Capt. Hardman, Capt. Smith, and Lieut. Ada Young. Let us pray God may strengthen them, and bring them back refreshed for the fight.

Mrs. Ensign Dowell and Mrs. Capt. Markle are also taking a short rest to try and regain strength for the war.

Mrs. Turner is at Riversdale at present, managing the corps till the officer comes on. She reports a good day Sunday, and three souls.

Capt. Atwell is taking leave from us here at P. H. Q. S., and with his euphonium, is trying to bring sinners to God at the Falls for the time being in company with Captains Green, Jones, and Brothers Bala and Williamson.

Our little musical troupe have started out again on their mission, this time doing the Bowmanville district. May God's blessing attend their labors!

All around the Province we purpose going in straight for souls, and making this fall and winter a great season of revival.

We don't forget to pray for our General and the Commandant in the East, and are anxiously looking forward to their visit to this part of the world with faith for a mighty conquest. It shall be so. ENSIGN TURNER, A.D.C.



200 AND OVER.

Sgt. Henderson, Ottawa, 200
Sgt. H. Adams, Ottawa, 200
Capt. Thomas, Victoria, 200
Sgt. Betty, Nanaimo, 200

50 AND OVER.

Mrs. Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont., 50
Sgt. Mrs. Lindley, Victoria, 50
Sister Patterson, Calgary, 50
Mrs. Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont., 50
Sgt.-Major Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott, 50

40 AND OVER.

Sister Patterson, Nanaimo, 40
Father Dickson, Toronto, 40
Sister Ledrow, Brockville, 40

30 AND OVER.

Bro. Brown, Nanaimo (2 weeks), 30
Sgt.-Major Jackson, Calgary, 30
Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont., 30
Capt. Will, Windsor, Ont., 30
Mrs. Ensign Cass, Simcoe, 30
Mrs. Russell, Brockville, 30
Sister Ledrow, Brockville, 30
Lieut. Elda, Shawano, 30
Capt. Brangan, Berlin, 30

20 AND OVER.

Sgt.-Major Oshin, Halifax, 20
Sister Tread, Simcoe, 20
Capt. Will, Windsor, Ont., 20
Trisham Barker, Victoria, 20
Lieut. Mitchell, Kent, Ontario, 20
Lieut. Elda, Shawano, 20
Capt. Curry, Toronto, 20
Sister Moore, Brockville, 20
Lieut. Louder, Tillamook, 20
Capt. Lewis, Ligar St., 20
Sgt. Russell, Brockville, 20
Ensign Patterson, Shrobrooke, 20
John Arden, Laramie, 20
Fanny Brown, Ligar St., 20

10 AND OVER.

Sister Sparks, Toronto, 10
Mrs. Elda, Ligar St., 10
Capt. Bragan, Ligar St., 10
Capt. Graham, Ligar St., 10
Capt. Moore, Ligar St., 10

HURR
FOR THE
Light Brig

My, there, Captain, your
to share in the imm
of this Regim

HOW TO D

Send in the name of
or woman—soldier, frien
—with his or her com
who has some leisure,
groce and "go," and
their services gratis, fo
and the sake of the "p
who are crying for help
capacity of local agent f
boxes.

WHEN TO D

Now is the time. The
hand, and as it draws n
tests point to greater c
made upon our Social I
"Light Brigade" has w
the "sinews of war."
Canada's sympathy and
to be carried by united eff
thousands. It is only a
proving and developing
offered as through this
pin.

New Benefactors!

Forward Local Ag

Lead on Prov

WHO WOULDN'T JOIN

BRIGADE

WILL YOU

That is the question.
good as it is—is not su
ment is not tangible ene
folds are wanted for th
guide." Will you take
it? or, if you have one
using it regularly?

DON'T FIRE CHARGE

they don't kill. If c
the "Light Brigade" (e
would make it a point t
a shot, if only to the ex
five cents every quarter
week), the legions of
quake and flee before t
this regiment.

A CHANCE OF

Instead of collecting
and forwarding the sam
so hitherto, the Provinc
the first of October)
amounts on his visit to
local agent will receive
days' notice of the P.A.
have all the boxes ex
amount ready for the
arrives.

LOCAL AGENTS TION

On receiving intimat
your Provincial Agent
will materially assist us
achieve the success it is
made by having all the
and received, and the a
head to the P.A. P
dash is the secret of

HURRAH

FOR THE

Light Brigade!!!

By, there, Captain, your Corps is Asked to Share in the Immortal Honors of this Regiment.

HOW TO DO IT!

Send in the name of a reliable man or woman—soldier, friend, or Auxiliary—with his or her consent, of course, who has some leisure, and plenty of grace and "go," and who will give their services gratis, for Jesus' sake, and the sake of the "poor Lazarus" who are crying for help, to act in the capacity of local agent for the G.B.M. house.

WHEN TO DO IT!

Now is the time. The winter is at hand, and as it draws nearer, the portents point to greater demands being made upon our Social Institutions. The "Light Brigade" has within its reach the "sinews of war." The citadel of Canada's sympathy and generosity can be carried by united effort and holy enthusiasm. It is only a question of improving and developing the resources offered as through this glorious enterprise.

Now Boxholders!

Forward Local Agents!

Lead on Provincial Agents!

WOULDN'T JOIN THE "LIGHT BRIGADE?"

WILL YOU DO IT?

That is the question. Admiration—good as it is—is not sufficient. Sentiment is not tangible enough. Practical folks are wanted for the "Light Brigade." Will you take a box and cash? If not, if you have one already, are you using it regularly?

DON'T FIRE BLANK CHARGES—

they don't kill. If every member of the "Light Brigade" (every boxholder) would make it a point to give the devil a shot, if only to the extent of twenty-five cents every quarter (two cents a week), the legions of darkness would quake and flee before the "charge" of this regiment.

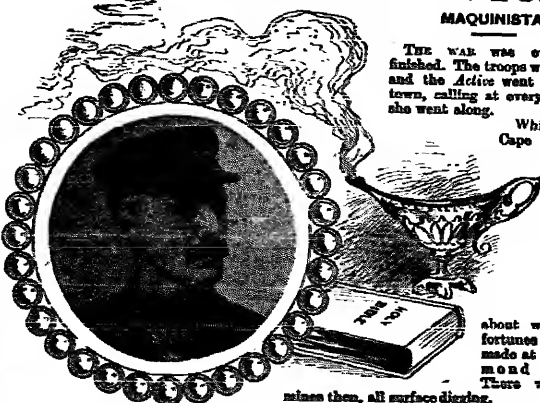
A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

Instead of collecting the amounts and forwarding the same on a set date as hitherto, the Provincial Agents (after the first of October) will collect the amounts on his visit to the corps. The local agent will receive at least fourteen days' notice of the P.A.'s visit, and will have all the boxes examined, and the amount ready for the P.A. when he arrives.

LOCAL AGENTS, ATTENTION!

On receiving intimation from your Provincial Agent of his visit, you will materially assist us in making the scheme the success it is capable of being made by having all the boxes examined and renewed, and the amount ready to hand to the P.A. Promptitude and dash is the secret of victory in this

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.



MAQUINISTA.

THE WAR was eventually finished. The troops went home and the Active went to Cape-town, calling at every port as she went along.

While at the Cape I heard

about wonderful fortunes being made at the diamond fields. There were no

mines then, all surface digging.

I deserted. It was the greatest mistake of my life. I went to the fields, and came back disappointed, having tramped 1,400 miles through a wild country.

On arriving at the coast I shipped on a German vessel, and left her at the first port she went to, and after being on shore a few days shipped again in

A French Barque.

and went on board over night in order to be ready for work in the morning. Before turning to, we each received a glass of brandy from the mate, so I began to think I had struck a good ship, but did not remain in that deluded condition long, for at breakfast I went to the fore-castle and found all hands gathered round what seemed to be a tub of dirty water with something floating about in it. Each man was making frantic endeavors to catch the floaters, and doing his level best to get more than his neighbor. I stood looking on for a few minutes. I had never seen anything like it except in a hog-pen.

One of the crew noticed me, and good-naturedly interested himself in my behalf, pushed some of the men away from the tub, forced his spoon into my hand, grabbed me by the arm, every member of his body began to talk, and gesticulating wildly he dragged me towards the unenvy-looking man, shouting

"Mawjee, Johnny, Mawjee."

I fished for awhile, but catching nothing I carried the tub aft to the skipper and told him in language more forcible than polite that if he wanted me to work he must give me something to eat.

He seemed astonished and said, "Vy, I need you like von Engländer achenalmen." To which I replied that I desired to be fed like an English sailor, not like an English gentleman, for it struck me he referred to the brandy.

He was a thin, spare man, an ideal shipjack. He had been about I might have described him as Dickens' fat head, horror-stricken when Oliver Twist asked for more.

I had very few things to peek, in fact, hadn't enough clothes to make a suit of sails for a teapot, so called a boat and pulled for the shore.

The same day I shipped again for Melbourne. The whole crew left as soon as the vessel was fast to the wharf and went to

Old Bendig's Gold Fields.

now Sandhurst; but like the diamond fields, I found where one man succeeded one hundred failed and starved, while the precious yellow dust, so much coveted, might be lying close to their feet.

After a little while I went back to Melbourne, and shipped again in one of the clippers bound to London, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of four months. I had the joy of seeing my mother and sisters, after an absence of six years. I lived at my aunt's, and saw my relatives there.

My mother was very proud of her boy. I used to call her "little-mother," and



when I took her for a walk she would take my arm, and cling to me like a child. Her dear eyes sparkling with joyous delight, and

her sweet, patient face beamed with honest, motherly pride. She seemed to think her sunnier sailor boy one of the bravest and wisest men on earth, only the wonderful talents she had in her imagination credited him with were not appreciated.

Dear, Dear, Mother!

the best, the most faithful friend we have, next to Jesus. I only stayed home three weeks, then went off to the States, made a voyage in a Yankee barque, and then joined the United States navy, and was at once sent on board the Wyoming. I liked the ship and did very well, being promoted to coxswain of the



Out in the Cold World.

WHO WILL VOLUNTEER FOR THE RESCUE WORK?

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

Saved in the Hospital—A Warning to Backsliders.

Our hearts have been rejoiced over two precious souls, who, on our visit one Friday at the hospital, gave their hearts to God. As we visit this place, we always pray for Jesus to bless us, and make us a blessing to those whom we have learned to

love. One dear man, as soon as we entered his ward, said to us, "God sent you. Oh," he says, "what I have suffered for three days and nights, God only knows."

We began to sympathize with him, thinking he had suffered physical pain. "Oh," he said as he wept, "it's my soul, it's my soul! I've forgotten the pain of my body."

We began to pray and to enquire in what way had he grieved God.

"Oh," he said, "I was once a man that loved and served God with my whole heart. God sent me from a drunkard's hell, I was four years a soldier; but—but— and then the tears ran down that poor, sick, sunken face. He said, "God used me in the salvation of the worst men in my own neighborhood. The devil got me to believe there was an easier way, and from the day I began to take it easy, I began to backslide; but I feel if I will take up my cross, God will help me," and as we knelt and prayed, and he prayed and wept, Jesus did accept his prayer. So we bid him good-bye, and left him praising God.

We must continue our visiting and distribute our WAR CRIS; but as we entered another ward, we noticed a dear lad—about sixteen or eighteen—beckoning to us with his poor, dying hand, and as he took hold of one of the sister's hands, and pointed to her badge, said, "Oh, it's so good to shake hands with a Salvationist!" We ask him what we can do for him. One sister said, "Have you any friends?" and in a whisper he answered:

"Not in this country."

"Can we write to your mother?"

"Yes."

"What will we tell her?"

"Tell her I am here in the hospital."

"But are you ready to die, can we write her?"

"Oh, no; don't tell her that, for I am not."

So, as our sister saw at once he had only a few hours to live, began to pray, and asked him to pray, and as he in whisper prayed but a few short sentences, God heard his last dying words, and he looked so different as he said, "Tell her I am ready to die," and in a few hours passed away to be with Jesus.

So our time is spent in this place trying, with God's help, to do all we can for God and souls.

Mrs. WATTS, League of Mercy.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

Who has not heard of the Thousand Islands, that are studded in the beautiful River St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville, where thousands of people spend their summer holidays?

This is one of the loveliest sights that you can find on the American continent.

GANANOQUE, situated in the centre of them, on the Canadian side, right on the bank of the river, is to have a visit from our beloved General on Friday, October 12th. He will steam up through the islands by the *A.S. General Booth*, and land at Rathbun's dock.

Immediately after landing there will be an address of welcome read by

The Mayor.

and reception from the citizens of Gananoque on the Market Square, finishing up with a public meeting at night in the Presbyterian Church.

KINGSTON, the ancient Limestone City of Canada, built on the rock, and standing as solid as the rock, at the mouth of the Rideau and St. Lawrence, connecting with Lake Ontario, with its towers, fort, and military barracks, jail and penitentiary, hospitals and asylums, churches and mission halls, with accommodation for every soul that wants to hear the Gospel, is the next honored place to have a visit from our great leader.

Landing at Folger's wharf at three p.m., there will be a public reception and address of welcome read by Mayor Herald on the Market Square, who will be proud of the honor to welcome one of the greatest men of

The Nineteenth Century

to the city of Kingston.

After the reception is over there will be a large procession through the principal streets. This will be one of the largest, the most attractive and exciting processions that have ever marched the streets of Kingston.

Will you be there to see it?

It will finish up with a great welcome banquet in the Salvation Army barracks.

Saturday night at eight p.m. we meet in the Sydenham Street Methodist Church school-room, kindly loaned to us for the purpose of holding a soldiers' and friends' meeting.

Sunday the knee-drill and holiness meeting will be held in the barracks; the afternoon and night meetings will be held in

The Skating Rink

in Union Street.

Monday, after having held a select meeting with the ministers, students, and friends in the Convocation Hall, the General will leave by boat, steaming up the bay to Picton, where preparations have been made to give the General a great welcome to the town. The Mayor promised to get up an address of welcome. The Market Square is the place where the public are invited to come and meet the General. A public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church at night.

Tuesday we get up steam for BELLEVILLE.

What, do you pass by Deseronto, and it on the way, simply because it is a small corps?

Not so, we do not pass this corps by, but have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Methodist Church which has been kindly given to us for the occasion.

BELLEVILLE we shall reach at five p.m. Arrangements are being made so that thousands will both see and hear the General. Public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church.

Wednesday we board the train for Port Hope, and we have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Opera House. So you see that the General is giving the lion's share of his meetings to some of the hardest corps that are to be found in the East Ontario Province. What a noble example

Our Brave Leader

is setting before us! May the good Lord give us grace to walk in his footsteps.

At night he passes on to LINDSAY, a corps that is not in the East Ontario Province.

From Lindsay he comes to PETERBORO, arriving there at 11:30 a.m. This is the last place that the General will visit in the East Ontario Province, and I really believe that it shall be the best, for do we not read in the Bible that the best wine was kept till the last? I am sure the Peterboro' braves will leave no stone unturned to make the meetings a glorious success—the largest for crowds, the best for money, the grandest for welcome, and the greatest for soul-saving.

What is to become
of the Aborigines
of our country?



WHAT WILL
YOU DO TO
SAVE THEM?

Commandant and Mrs. Booth, our own Canadian leaders, will travel with the General. They believe in working hard for God here, there, and everywhere, cheering and inspiring their officers and soldiers. Everyone will be glad to meet them and give them a real Canadian welcome.

Colonel Lawley, the General's right-hand man, is a man of God, full of fire and holy zeal. He is sure to be on hand. I feel sure he will fall in love with us, and we shall love and welcome him in our midst.

Winston.—Harvest Festival was a grand success here. God enabled us to hit our target and bound over. It also proved a great spiritual blessing. Our barracks was well filled, and all seemed to enjoy the wind-up. The engagement was a success. But at last the Army opened fire in New Glas-

West Ontario Jottings

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

Anonymous letters. Once in a while one of these ever unwelcome and useless articles turns up at Headquarters. A few things about them always perplex me:

1. How can an individual be mean enough to put on record an array of mere surmises, which they often are?

2. If the things they write about are facts, how can an individual possess enough of the good quality of faithfulness to cause them to go to the trouble of writing them out, and yet not possess sufficient of the man as to attach their own signature? Manhood would surely suggest, that where wrongs are existent to such a degree as to need reporting, the following would be the honorable and safe course to take:

- (a) Record the facts on paper, with signature attached.
- (b) Take and read them to the individual you are writing about.
- (c) If satisfaction is not given, send them on to Headquarters with an outline of what you have done.

ing. Ensign Maltby was rejoicing over the prospect for Harvest Festival, had got \$15 already. Discussed the war till near one o'clock a.m.

Astir at 5:45 same morning, first train for Palmerston. Ensign Fraser jubilant over a sheep story. A gentleman lost four sheep, challenges Ensign to find them. If he can, one is to go for Harvest Festival. A search is made, sheep counted. "I forgot I had sold some; they're all right," exclaims the man, adding, "I won't go back on my word; choose the one you'll take, Ensign." "I'll take what you give," is the Ensign's policy. Result: gets the best, the very best in the flock for Harvest Festival.

The meeting at Palmerston was a rouser. One soul volunteered at finish.

On to Winton for Saturday night Harvest Festival all the go here, too. Six and a half pairs of chickens, a goose, a pig, etc., etc. Barracks looks decent. Apples, corn, potatoes, plums, etc., etc., are profuse—very well arranged. Good meeting.

Drive to Owen Sound for Sunday—distance twenty-two miles. Rough roads—frightful—big breaks, our backs suffer the consequence. No fear of going to sleep. Land at quarters 1:45; Captain Robertson and Sayers on hand. A hot cup, and off to roost.

Harvest Festival Sunday and Monday was put in at Owen Sound. We prayed, pounded and pleaded from the start till the finish. God's Spirit worked with the people, but not one would surrender. Pray for Owen Sound. Ald. Miller, our kind and long-tried Army friend, has not missed a knee drill for ten years.

A thirty-mile drive next leads us at Chesley. The Harvest Festival was postponed for the visit. The barracks presented a pretty and attractive appearance, being tastefully decorated with grain, flowers, evergreens, etc. Rev. Mr. Philmore, of the Baptist Church, and Rev. Mr. Davey, Methodist, came to the meeting, took the platform, each doing a good time.

Captain Wiggins, of Brantford, has been arrested for holding opium at corner of street, was placed in lock-up, bailed out. In the police court next morning the case was dismissed.

Five souls knelt at the Cross at Chatham on Sunday night, 2nd September, one on the night previous. Hallelujah! 150 were turned away from the London Citadel the same Sunday night with the cry, "No room."

The address of West Ontario Provincial office now is, "Salvation Citadel, Clarence Street, London, Ont."

Morton's Harbor.—After months of hard toil we received glad news of our new leader, Major Morris, being about to us. We were anxiously looking out when here comes the

"GLAD TIDINGS"

with flying colors, gliding across the harbor with a number of our brother officers, including the district officer, Ensign Gooch, and our dear major, sending the strains of music to the ears of everybody to reach of sound. It was really enough to make one dash. And a glorious meeting at night; much emotion, but no one would yield. Next day the Major visited our school and talked to and sang for the children. They were much interested. Then, being kindly invited by our major, we went with them to services, where we saw the power of God displayed in the salvation of five precious souls. We were also very much blessed in our own souls, and after they all went away, leaving Capt. and her Lieutenant and Cadets. They and myself, we sat awhile in the twilight and talked of God's grace, and shared each other's Cadet Graham, Lieut. G. Cadet Moore, Lieut. G.

3. "What do you do with anonymous letters?" do you ask? Either one of two things—put them in the waste-paper basket, or send them direct to the individual concerned.

"I received your letter to-day re Harvest Festival. You can reckon on me doing my utmost to make this a grand success in this place to get the target.

Although I am a stranger, I will soon make myself known, in town, in farm-yard and granary, in the chicken coup, potato patch and cornfield, you will see—will not be behind this time," was the reply the Brigadier received from one of his officers re Harvest Festival. All right, Captain.

Ensign Cass' despatch reads: "Since last report fourteen souls have professed a change of heart. We have reached McCalland, to Gravenhurst; Captain Lewis, to Midland; Capt. Barr, to Barrie; Capt. Wiseman, to Stroud;



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